


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



APRIL 1986

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THE PROSPECT FOR BRITAIN

Julia Cleverdon Peter Jay
John Harvey-Jones Alexander Reid
Norman Strauss J. K. Galbraith
analyse Prince Charles's nightmare

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THE QUEEN AT 60
by Norman St John-Stevas

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THE QUEEN'S 60TH BIRTHDAY 40



RETURN OF EROS 57



ALAÏA'S LOOK 66

COVER PHOTOGRAPH
by Adrian Flowers; stylist, Selina
Bamford; hair stylist, Kevin Ryan of
Antenna; model, Francine Schiffer.



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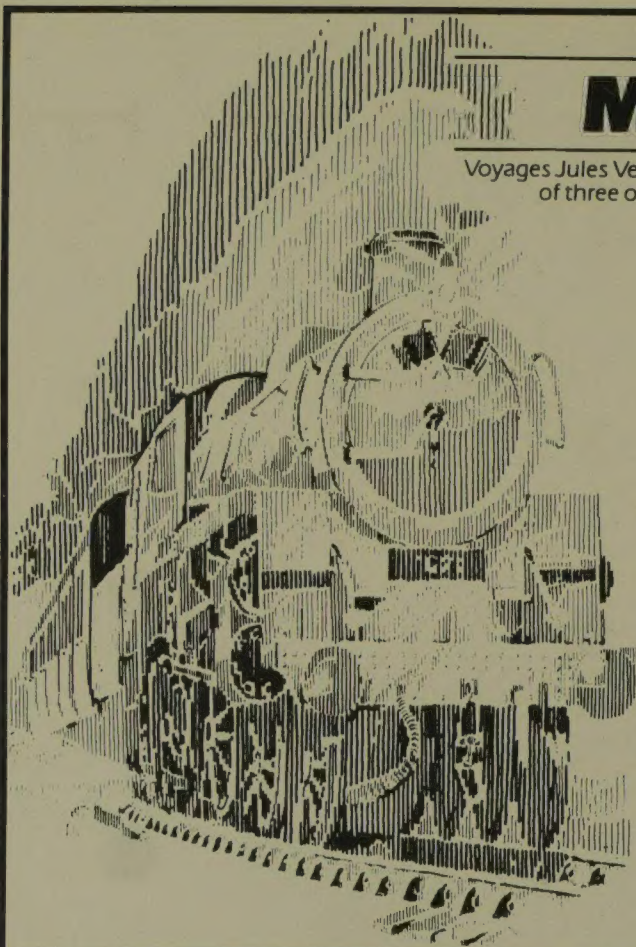
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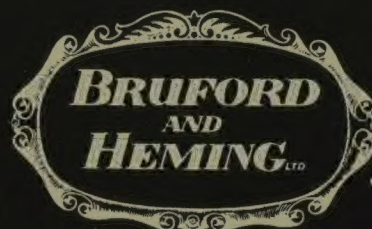
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APRIL

HIGHLIGHTS

Tuesday, April 1

New £200 million Terminal 4 building at London's Heathrow Airport is opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

St Ivel Gala of World Champions at Richmond Ice Rink, Twickenham, with displays by winners of the recent World Ice Skating Championships in Geneva.

Wednesday, April 2

The Prince of Wales opens British Aerospace's new Space Engineering Building at Filton, Bristol, and later, with the Princess of Wales, attends centenary dinner of the London Welsh Rugby Club at the Grosvenor House Hotel, Park Lane.

Il Candelaio, written by Giordano Bruno (1548-1600), Italian Renaissance philosopher burnt in Rome as a heretic, opens at The Pit.

Thursday, April 3

The Domesday Exhibition, celebrating 900 years of the Domesday Book, opens at the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane. Until September 30.

The Prince of Wales visits the Isles of Scilly and, the following day, inaugurates the mains electricity supply for the off-islands.

Cricket: Fourth Test, West Indies v England, starts in Trinidad. Until 8.

British International Antiques Fair at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham. Until 9.

Friday, April 4

Absolute Beginners, film musical based on Colin MacInnes's book about 1950s teenagers, with songs by David Bowie, Sade and Ray Davies, opens in the West End.

Saturday, April 5

Income Tax Year (1985-86) ends.

Horse racing: Grand National at Aintree.

Tuesday, April 8

International conference on Glass in the Environment, at the Royal College of Art, looks at directions in craftsmanship, architecture and design. Until 10. At the Crafts Council Gallery, a related exhibition, *Light Values*, provides a photographic survey of British architectural glass, 1930s to present day. April 9-May 23.

George Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem* opens at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

Romeo & Juliet opens new RSC season at Stratford.

Wednesday, April 9

International committee of the IMF meets in Washington.

Eighteen paintings by Pieter Brueghel the Younger go up for sale at Sotheby's.

Coca-Cola centenary exhibition opens at The Boilerhouse at the V&A. Until May 15.

First of three concert performances of Rossini's *Semiramide* at Covent Garden. Also 12 & 15.

New moon rises at 6.08am.



ten; and at Leighton House with Baroque music by the Badinage Chamber Ensemble (tickets from 229 7314).

The Hidden Face of Manet exhibition, presented by *The Burlington Magazine*, opens at Courtauld Institute Galleries. Until June 15.

Football: England v Scotland at Wembley. Cricket: MCC v Middlesex at Lord's.

Thursday, April 24

First day of Passover.

Harrogate Spring Flower Show. Until 26.

Full moon rises at 12.46pm.

Saturday, April 26

British stage premiere of Busoni's *Dr Faust*, with Thomas Allen in the title role and conducted by Mark Elder, opens at the Coliseum.

40th-Anniversary Reunion of the Burma Star Association at the Albert Hall is attended by the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh.

Cricket: Britannic Assurance County Championship opening matches start.

Sunday, April 27

Tyburn Walk. Annual silent procession, now in its 75th year, that follows the route from Newgate to Tyburn taken by Catholic martyrs, 20 of whom have been canonized. It leaves the Old Bailey at 3pm, led by the Archbishop of Birmingham, Most Reverend Maurice Couve de Murville, reaching Tyburn Convent in Bayswater Road at about 5pm for the Pontifical Benediction.

First flying event of the season for the historic aircraft of the Shuttleworth Collection, near Biggleswade, Bedfordshire. Flying displays begin at 2pm.

Monday, April 28

Proms week begins at Covent Garden. Some 700 tickets at £3 are sold, one per applicant, one hour before curtain up, for performances by the Royal Opera and Royal Ballet. Until May 3.

Kingston Lacy, near Wimborne Minster in Dorset, one of the most valuable properties to come into National Trust ownership, opens to the public after a £2 million restoration (Sat-Wed 1-5pm, gardens and park noon-6pm).

Tuesday, April 29

Emperor Hirohito of Japan celebrates his 85th birthday and 60 years on the Chrysanthemum Throne. He publicly renounced his divinity in 1946 when he was deprived of all but ceremonial powers.

London Symphony Orchestra present a Leonard Bernstein Festival. Until May 11. It includes a Royal Gala conducted by the composer himself in the presence of the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh on May 6.

Wednesday, April 30

The Prince and Princess of Wales visit British Columbia, Canada, where they open Expo 86 in Vancouver on May 2. Until May 6.

New RSC production of *The Winter's Tale*, with Jeremy Irons, opens at Stratford.

Heathrow's new £200 million Terminal 4 is officially opened on April 1 and starts operating on April 12. It will increase the airport's capacity from 30 million to 38 million passengers a year. Its opening is to be followed by a £68 million programme to modernize Terminal 3.

Thursday, April 10

New phone-tapping law, making unauthorized interception a criminal offence, comes into force.

Friday, April 11

Disputed Goya masterpiece, *Marquesa de Santa Cruz*, goes up for sale at Christie's.

Cricket: Fifth Test, West Indies v England, starts in Antigua. Until 16.

Sunday, April 13

Sinfonietta: first in a six-week TV series on the music of 20th-century composers, written and presented by pianist Paul Crossley, on Channel 4, 8.15pm.

Monday, April 14

The Prince and Princess of Wales visit Austria in support of the Britain in Vienna Festival. Until 16.

The Queen unveils memorial to the Duke of Beaufort in Gloucester Cathedral.

Tuesday, April 15

Exhibition commemorating Anglo-Spanish military co-operation during the Peninsular War opens at the National Army Museum. Until July 31.

Wednesday, April 16

New Henley Royal Regatta Headquarters are opened by the Queen.

Irving Berlin's *Annie Get Your Gun*, with Suzi Quatro as Annie Oakley, opens the 25th-anniversary season at Chichester's Festival Theatre.

Thursday, April 17

Badminton Horse Trials. Until 20.

Sunday, April 20

London Marathon is started at 9.30am by the Prince of Wales pulling the lanyard of the Royal Artillery Cannon, which sets competitors off along the 26 mile route from Blackheath to Westminster Bridge. Leaders finish 11.30am onwards.

Football: Milk Cup Final, Wembley.

Monday, April 21

The Queen's 60th birthday. The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh attend a Service of Thanksgiving at St George's Chapel, Windsor, and in the evening "Fanfare for Elizabeth" at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (ITV, 8.30pm). The Post Office marks the occasion with a new issue of stamps.

Tuesday, April 22

State Visit of the King and Queen of Spain. Until 25.

Covent Garden revives *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, a production first mounted in 1980 by John Schlesinger for the Offenbach centenary.

70th-birthday concert for Yehudi Menuhin at the Royal Festival Hall, at which the celebrated violinist himself performs with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Wednesday, April 23

St George's Day. Celebrated at the Barbican by the London Symphony Orchestra with works by Elgar, Vaughan Williams and Brit-

BRIAN HARRIS/IMPACT PHOTOS

LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings

- ★★ Highly recommended
- ★ Good of its kind
- Not for us

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

Across from the Garden of Allah

Charles Wood's play about Hollywood is nothing more than a hymn of hate, beginning amiably enough & fading into monotony. Glenda Jackson (in a part surprising for her) & Nigel Hawthorne, who must cope most of the night on their own, have an unenviable job. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

After Aida

Julian Mitchell's play tells how Verdi (Richard Griffiths) was coaxed out of a long silence with the help of his librettist, Boito (Ian Charleson). Until Apr 19. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

★ Animal Farm

Peter Hall's exciting production gives us everything from the take-over of Manor Farm to the ultimate triumph of the formidable pigs. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

The Apple Cart

Shaw's political comedy. Until May 17. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). REVIEW ON P73.

★ Barnum

Whether the great American showman was as gymnastic as this we shall never know; but Michael Crawford, who must be in uncommon training, almost persuades us. The musical is a good synopsis of Barnum's strange career. Until Apr 26. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc). REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

★ Blithe Spirit

Noël Coward's comedy, by now a modern classic, about an author's deceased wives (Joanna Lumley, the first & Jane Asher, the second) who are brought back, embarrassingly, by a remarkably happy medium (Marcia Warren). The play, which Coward wrote during a week in North Wales, wears very well & fortifies his constant belief in it. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). REVIEWED MAR, 1986.

★ Brighton Beach Memoirs

This is Brighton, New York. Neil Simon, most consistently & observantly successful of American dramatists, is remembering the atmosphere of his Brooklyn childhood with the expected allowances for theatrical licence. It makes a gently assured narrative, directed by Michael Rudman, with Harry Towb, Frances de la Tour &—as the 15-year-

old Eugene who stands, more or less, for the dramatist in youth—Steven Mackintosh to express the feeling of a Jewish household in 1937. Lyttelton.

Café Puccini

Robin Ray's musical biography of Puccini, set in a 1920s café. The cast includes Lewis Fiander & Nichola McAuliffe. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc).

Cats

Although nobody has suggested that T. S. Eliot's cat poems are among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 379 6433).

★ The Cherry Orchard

Chekhovians will continue to argue about this new treatment, fortunate in an exceptional performance by Ian McKellen as the man who buys the orchard. Until Apr 19. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

★★ A Chorus of Disapproval

Alan Ayckbourn explains (& directs) with witty naturalism the social dilemmas of a newcomer who is promoted rapidly to a leading role in an amateur operatic production. Splendidly played by Bob Peck (as the diffident tyro) & Michael Gambon (as a hurricane of a Welsh director). Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

Glengarry Glen Ross

In this American play about a bogus real-estate operation David Mamet masks his plot



A streetwise teenage photographer (played by Eddie O'Connell) out for kicks and fantasy provides the plot of Julien Temple's film musical, *Absolute Beginners*, opening on April 4. Based on Colin MacInnes's chronicle of London underlife, the action takes place in a spectacular studio-set re-creation of 1950s Soho, the young hero zipping around it on his scooter.

in what seems, unfortunately, to be his preferred form of dialogue. The programme speaks of "hilarious brutal sludge", but it would be wiser to cut the first adjective. Still, Bill Bryden's splendid National Theatre cast—Derek Newark in particular—does contrive gallantly to extract some narrative & character from the clustering obscenities. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 741 9999).

★Guys & Dolls

With its score by Frank Loesser, this is a classic Broadway musical. In a revival originally from the National Theatre, the playing of Lulu, Norman Rossington & others—though why be selective?—might have gratified Damon Runyon. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0844). REVIEWED AUG, 1985.

★ Interpreters

At the heart of Ronald Harwood's excellent piece are Maggie Smith & Edward Fox as a pair of professionals at an Anglo-Russian

event. Text & acting (much aid from Doreen Mantle & John Moffatt) compose an unusual night. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

Jeanne

Rock opera by Shirly Roden, based on the story of Joan of Arc, with Rebecca Storm in the title role. Until Apr 5. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Judy

Terry Wale's musical play, recently seen at Greenwich, traces the rise & tragic end of Judy Garland, with Lesley Mackie as the singer. Opens Mar 26. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc).

Lend Me a Tenor

Ken Ludwig's new comedy concerns the chaos & confusion surrounding a world-famous Italian singer's visit to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1934 to perform with the local opera company. Denis Lawson & Jan Francis head the cast, with Ronald Holgate as the singer. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

★ Love for Love

Peter Wood returns to Congreve's comedy after 20 years. The narrative is fortified by a re-creation of the atmospheric Lila de Nobili settings, & by a superb Restoration performance by Michael Bryant as Sir Sampson Legend. Lyttelton. REVIEWED DEC, 1985.

Made in Bangkok

Felicity Kendal, Peter McNery, Benjamin Whitrow & Paul Shelley in Anthony Minghella's play about a disparate group of travellers on a package tour of the Far East. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

The Merry Wives of Windsor

The Stratford production, with Falstaff (Peter Jeffrey) & friends in the manner & costume of the 1950s, may be an acquired taste, but director Bill Alexander & his cast have been entirely professional about it. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

★ Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama depends less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & an intricately spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

★ A Month of Sundays

Bob Larbey's play, set in a rest home for the elderly, depends almost entirely on its leading man, George Cole, who is never off stage & carries the occasion with engaging sympathetic irony. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc 240 9648).

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, having just celebrated one-third of a century, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column, but there must always be people to see it, gratified, for the first time. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

★★ Mrs Warren's Profession

Shaw, in revival, continues to surprise. Certainly this early play (his third) does, in both material & contrivance. Yvonne Bryceland plays the international bordello-keeper whose autobiographical speech is at the core of the night. Lyttelton.

The New Revue

Rowan Atkinson in his new one-man show. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999).

★ Noises Off

Michael Frayn's irresistibly relishing farce—which takes place during the performance of another farce, on tour—may deter potential actors & actresses: possibly good news for Equity. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219). REVIEWED APR, 1982.

The Normal Heart

Martin Sheen in Larry Kramer's play about attitudes to AIDS, recently playing at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre in New York. Mar 25-May 3. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

Not About Heroes

A duologue about the First World War association between the poets, Siegfried Sassoon (played by the dramatist Stephen Macdonald) & Wilfred Owen (played by Simon Dutton); they met in an Edinburgh nerve hospital during 1917. Until Apr 17. Cottesloe.

★★ The Real Inspector Hound/

The Critic

A grand double bill. Tom Stoppard's play, in which two drama critics find themselves involved with the action on stage, partners Sheridan's seldom-revived comedy, which

has a particularly fine performance by Ian McKellen as Mr Puff. Until Apr 12. Olivier.

★ The Road to Mecca

Yvonne Bryceland, Charlotte Cornwell & Bob Peck return with Athol Fugard's semi-poetic portrait of an eccentric South African sculptress. Cottesloe. REVIEWED APR, 1985.

★ Run For Your Wife

If Piccadilly Circus heaves regularly in the evenings (& at matinée times), it is merely the effect of the underground Criterion audience responding to Ray Cooney's storm-along farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED MAY, 1983.

★ The Scarlet Pimpernel

The romantic spectres of Fred Terry & Julia Neilson would be pleased to know that Donald Sinden & Joanna McCallum have taken over the famous parts of Sir Percy & Lady Blakeney, even if the original play is now in a version by Beverley Cross, who has his own amusing ideas about the text. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 4025, cc 741 9999). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

Starlight Express

If you have ever played at trains, you will probably like this. Andrew Lloyd Webber has written it, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

The Threepenny Opera

Tim Curry plays Mack the Knife in Peter Wood's new production of the Brecht/Weill musical, based on John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*. Olivier.

☉ Torch Song Trilogy

During this relentless evening, Harvey Fierstein (taking over the lead in his own work from Antony Sher) exposes the dreary private life of a Jewish drag queen. The three linked pieces are a protracted appeal for compassion on behalf of gays. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

★ When We Are Married

J. B. Priestley's comedy is the first production in the newly restored Whitehall Theatre. The cast includes Prunella Scales & Timothy West. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, cc).

Yonadab

Peter Shaffer's narrative, from the Second Book of Samuel, concerns Amnon's rape of his half-sister Tamar. There seemed no reason to expand it, but Alan Bates as Yonadab, commentator & voyeur, Leigh Lawson as Amnon, & Wendy Morgan as the rape victim are earnestly in the key of an elaborate Peter Hall production. Olivier. REVIEWED JAN, 1986.

FIRST NIGHTS

Angry Housewives

American rock musical by A. M. Collins & Chad Henry in which four housewives, played by Diane Langton, Louise Gold, Mary Maddox & Carlene Carter, decide to end their lives of drudgery & enter the world of rock music. Apr 16-May 10. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Annie Get Your Gun

First production of Chichester's silver jubilee season, with Suzi Quatro as Annie Oakley in Irving Berlin's musical. Apr 16-June 14. Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 781312, cc).

The Beaux' Stratagem

Anna Carteret, Paula Wilcox, David Rintoul & Paul Freeman in George Farquhar's 18th-century comedy, directed by Peter James.

Apr 8-May 17. Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Il Candelaio

Satire on 16th-century Neapolitan life written by Giordano Bruno, philosopher & friar, who was later burnt at the stake by the Inquisition as a heretic. Opens Apr 2. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Flight

David Lan's new comedy chronicles the attempts by a socialist Jewish family to reconcile their religion & their political ideals. Opens Apr 7. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

HMS Pinafore

A modernized version of Gilbert & Sullivan's nautical operetta, with an all-Irish cast. Apr 23-May 31. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

Light Up the Sky

Hannah Gordon heads the cast in Moss Hart's 1948 comedy about the try-out of a new play in Boston, in a production seen last September at the Old Vic. Opens Apr 16. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

Mephisto

Adrian Noble directs this revival of Ariane Mnouchkine's play about a theatre company in Germany in the 1920s & 30s during the rise of the Nazi party. Opens Apr 3. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Relatively Speaking

Alan Strachan's revival celebrates the 21st anniversary of Alan Ayckbourn's comedy of mistaken identities during a Sunday in the country. Apr 2-May 17. Greenwich, Crooms Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc 853 3800).

Romeo & Juliet

The Royal Shakespeare Company's new Stratford season opens with Michael Bogdanov's revival, with Sean Bean & Niamh Cusack as the doomed young lovers. Opens Apr 8. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

Time

Cliff Richard plays a rock star in Dave Clark's musical. Opens Apr 9. Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 8538, cc 836 2428).

The Winter's Tale

Jeremy Irons, Gillian Barge, Richard Easton & Joe Melia in a Terry Hands production. Opens Apr 30. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.



Hannah Gordon as the temperamental leading lady in *Light Up the Sky*.

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon & ABC chains from 200 0200.

★ Absolute Beginners (15)

Musical based on Colin MacInnes's book about teenage life in 1950s London. Opens Apr 4. Leicester Square Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759); Odeon, Marble Arch, W1 (723 2011). Apr 3, Royal charity première in the presence of Princess Anne in celebration of the 400th anniversary of the City of Westminster & in aid of the Save the Children Fund & advice & therapeutic units for young people in Westminster at Leicester Square Theatre. REVIEW ON P72.

★ Clockwise (PG)

Michael Frayn wrote this comedy, directed by Christopher Morahan, in which John Cleese plays a time-obsessed headmaster whose attempt to reach the Headmasters' Conference escalates through a series of hilarious misadventures. Unfortunately, Frayn digs a deep hole for him & leaves him in it, & the final sequences mar the earlier proceedings.

★ Crimewave (PG)

Sam Raimi, who made *The Evil Dead*, & Joel & Ethan Coen of *Blood Simple* collaborate as director & writers of this off-beat, crazy thriller which combines black humour with bizarre special effects. Paul L. Smith is a "heavy" in every sense. Opens Apr 25. Cannons, Chelsea, 279 King's Rd, SW3 (352 5096, cc); Panton St, SW1 (930 0631).

★ D.A.R.Y.L. (PG)

An amnesiac 10-year-old boy is fostered to small-towners Mary Beth Hurt & Michael McKean who are disturbed to find him perfect in every way. He is a life-form robot, part of a secret project that the authorities want to abort, but his creators, Josef Sommer & Kathryn Walker, assist the foster-parents in trying to save him. Simon Wincer's direction makes the most of nice child performances from Barret Oliver in the title role & from Danny Corkill as his friend, Turtle. Opens Mar 28. Cannons, Panton St, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148).

Défective (15)

Jean-Luc Godard's new film is an intricate whodunit with multi flashbacks & an arsenal of literary & cinematic references. Characters include Johnny Hallyday as a boxing promoter, Claude Brasseur & Nathalie Baye as husband & wife, & Jean-Pierre Léaud as a police inspector.

Echo Park (15)

Engagingly bizarre film in which Tom Hulce, Susan Day & Michael Bowen nurture ambitions to break out of their seedy section of Los Angeles & become, respectively, a songwriter, actress and cinema muscleman.

Fright Night (18)

William Ragsdale plays a teenager who has difficulty persuading his friends that his next-door neighbour (Chris Sarandon) is a vampire. Opens Apr 11. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791).

★ The Girl in the Picture (15)

The Bill Forsyth school of film-making surfaces again with John Gordon-Sinclair playing a young, romantically inclined Glasgow photographer, Irina Brook his girl friend. ➔

CINEMA continued

Cary Parker's film has a gentle, persuasive charm, but on a small scale. Opens Mar 21. Cannons, Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527), Tottenham Court Rd; Chelsea Cinema, King's Rd, SW3 (351 3742, cc); Odeon, Kensington High St, W8 (602 6644, cc 602 5193).

Heartbreakers (18)

Peter Coyote & Nick Mancuso play childhood friends, now in their 30s, in a film about their relationships with women. Opens Apr 11. Cannon, Tottenham Court Rd; Electric Screen, 191 Portobello Rd, W11 (229 3694).

Jagged Edge (18)

Richard Marquand's psychological thriller is about the efforts of a newspaper publisher to clear himself from suspicion of having murdered his wealthy wife.

Mixed Blood (18)

Paul Morrissey's black comedy set in New York's Lower East Side has two rival drug gangs—one led by a formidable Brazilian mother—eliminating each other with non-chalant relish. It is necessary to know that it is meant to be funny, because laughs are few. Opens Apr 11. Cannons, Chelsea, Oxford St, W1 (636 0310).

★Out of Africa (PG)

Meryl Streep is excellent as the strong-willed Danish woman Karen Blixen upon whose life in Africa Sydney Pollack's film is based. Klaus Maria Brandauer plays her feckless husband; Robert Redford, making no concessions in his accent or physical appearance, plays her English lover. REVIEWED MAR, 1986.

★★Ran (15)

Akira Kurosawa's epic version of *King Lear*, set in feudal Japan & filmed on the volcanic slopes of Mount Fuji. The battle scenes are among the most breathtaking ever filmed, with armies of warriors blackening the air with arrows. It is a masterwork from a 75-year-old genius of the cinema.

Remo—Unarmed & Dangerous (15)

Fred Ward plays America's latest cult hero, a cross between Indiana Jones & James Bond, with Joel Grey as an elderly Korean who instructs him in the martial arts. Opens Apr 25. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929).

★★A Room With a View (PG)

James Ivory's film based on E. M. Forster's novel. Opens Apr 11. Curzon Mayfair, Curzon St, W1 (499 3737, cc). REVIEW ON P72.

★The Stuff (15)

America falls for a foamy yoghurt-like product which becomes more popular than regular food & turns people into zombies. Larry Cohen's engaging horror spoof stars Michael Moriarty as an industrial spy hero, Paul Sorvino as a gung-ho colonel for once on the side of the angels, & Andrea Marcovicci. Cynical & funny. Opens Apr 11. Cannons, Oxford St, Charing Cross Rd, W1 (930 6915).

White Nights (PG)

Taylor Hackford's new film is an essay in super-schmaltz, in which Mikhail Baryshnikov as a defected Russian ballet dancer is inadvertently returned to his homeland when his Tokyo-bound jetliner develops engine trouble. He meets an American tap-dancer (Gregory Hines) & his Russian wife (Isabella Rossellini), & old flame Helen Mirren, who tries to help the three of them back to the West. There are lots of excuses for Baryshnikov's spectacular leaping, but the film is a disturbing addition to the anti-Communist wave in which Hollywood is now gripped. Opens

Mar 21. Odeon, Leicester Sq. Mar 20, Royal Film Performance, in the presence of the Queen, in aid of the Cinema & Television Benevolent Fund.

★Young Sherlock Holmes (PG)

American director Barry Levinson & writer Chris Columbus have made an amusing entertainment about the early life of Holmes & Watson who supposedly meet at public school. Nicholas Rowe plays the young detective & Alan Cox his loyal assistant. REVIEWED MAR, 1986.

Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

London Symphony Orchestra. Two programmes conducted by Myung Whun Chung, with Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano. Dvořák's Symphony No 8, Brahms's Piano Concerto No 1. Apr 3, 7.45pm. Dvořák's Symphony No 7, Brahms's Piano Concerto No 2. Apr 5, 7.45pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. José Serebrier conducts works by Chabrier, Bizet, Rodrigo, Falla, Ravel, with Carlos Bonell, guitar, & Alberto Portugheis, piano. Apr 10, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Gennadi Rozhdestvensky conducts Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, with Frank Peter Zimmerman as soloist, & Tchaikovsky's Symphony No 4. Apr 13, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. A Cello Concerto by Arthur Sullivan, thought to have vanished after a publisher's fire, is part of a Sullivan/Elgar programme conducted by Charles Mackerras, who is responsible for reconstructing the missing score which he conducted 30 years ago. Julian Lloyd Webber is the soloist. Apr 20, 7.30pm.

Bernstein Festival. The first of six concerts by the London Symphony Orchestra celebrating the career of the American composer & conductor Leonard Bernstein, 10 of whose works will be performed. Lukas Foss conducts Prelude, Fugue & Riffs, On the Waterfront suite & Halil, followed by Stravinsky's Firebird suite. Apr 29, 7.45pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Three concerts conducted by Jesús López-Cobos. Ivo Pogorelich is the soloist in Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No 3. Apr 2, 7.30pm. Jonathan Snowden, flute, & David Watkins, harp, are soloists in Mozart's Concerto for flute & harp K299. Apr 10, 7.30pm. An all-Mozart programme with the London Philharmonic Choir. Apr 13, 3.15pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Riccardo Muti conducts three programmes. Honegger's Symphony No 2 & Mahler's Symphony No 1. Apr 3, 7.30pm. Haydn's Symphony No 48 & Cello Concerto in D with Yo Yo Ma as soloist,

Dvořák's Symphony No 5. Apr 6, 7.30pm. Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, with Itzhak Perlman as soloist, & Scriabin's Symphony No 3, the Divine Poem. Apr 8, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Antal Dorati conducts two Beethoven programmes, with Radu Lupu, piano, as soloist. Apr 4, 7, 7.30pm. He celebrates his 80th birthday with a third Beethoven concert, the Piano Concerto No 2 & the Choral Symphony, given in the presence of Princess Anne. Apr 9, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Michel Plascon conducts an all-French programme, including the first performance of Damase's Rhapsody for horn & orchestra, with Barry Tuckwell as soloist. Apr 16, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, Chorus & Singers. John Pritchard conducts Haydn's Symphony No 98 & Rossini's Stabat Mater, with Felicity Lott, soprano, Anne Howells, mezzo-soprano, Peter Lindroos, tenor, John Tomlinson, bass. Apr 20, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. A 70th birthday concert for Yehudi Menuhin at which he is joined by Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, in Brahms's Double Concerto, & is himself soloist in Beethoven's Violin Concerto, under Charles Groves. Apr 22, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Singers. Serge Baudo conducts Berlioz's opera *Roméo et Juliette*, with Cynthia Buchan, mezzo-soprano, Kim Begley, tenor, Jules Bastin, bass. Apr 28, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

London Sinfonietta. Witold Lutoslawski conducts the first British performance of his *Chain 2*; Diego Masson conducts works by Hans Abrahamsen, Brian Ferneyhough & Schönberg. Apr 2, 7.45pm.

Annie Fischer, piano. Beethoven, Schumann & Liszt make up the programme. Apr 6, 3pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Mitsuko Uchida continues her Mozart cycle directing the Piano Concertos in F, K413, & C, K503, from the piano. Apr 19, 7.45pm.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Abo Academy Choir. This Finnish choir sings works for male, female & mixed chorus by Verdi, Bruckner, Tchaikovsky, Sibelius & others, including the British premiere of Erik Bergman's *Tipitaka Suite*. Apr 5, 7.30pm.

Redcliffe Chamber Orchestra, Peter Gellhorn conducts Bach and Mozart & first performances of works by Canadian composers Jean Coulthard, Ann Southam, Violet Archer & Jacques Hétu. Apr 7, 7.30pm.

Orchestra of St John's Smith Square. Graham Lea-Cox conducts works by Takemitsu & Tippett & Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, with Haruko Seki as soloist. Apr 9, 7.30pm.

Barry Tuckwell Wind Quintet. Music by Nielsen & Janáček. Apr 14, 1pm.

English Baroque Soloists. John Eliot Gardiner conducts Mozart's Symphony No 35 & two concertos for fortepiano with Malcolm Bilson as soloist. Apr 21, 7.30pm.

Anthony Pleeth, baroque cello. In the Footstool, a lunchtime recital of Bach's Suites Nos 2 & 4. Apr 24, 1.15pm.

ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS

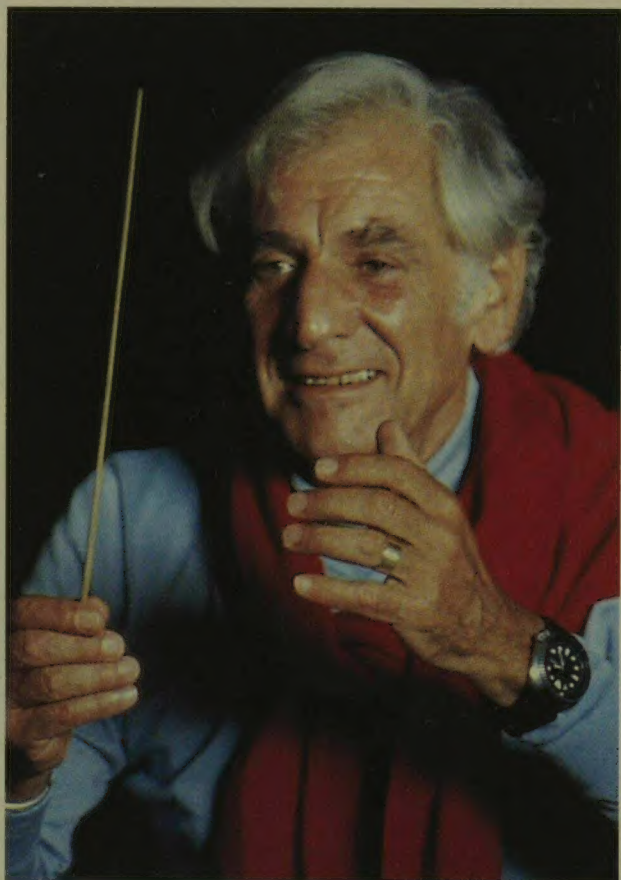
Trafalgar Sq, WC2.

Lunchtime concerts every Mon & Tues at 1.05pm. Admission free, leaving collection.

WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

Carl Dolmetsch, recorder, **Bernard Par-**



A six-concert festival devoted to Leonard Bernstein, given by the London Symphony Orchestra at the Barbican, starts on April 29. Ten of his works will be played in the context of music by other composers he has championed, including Britten, Copland, Ives and Blitzstein. Bernstein himself conducts the concerts on May 6 and 9.

tridge, violin, **Joseph Saxby**, harpsichord, **John Stilwell**, cello, **Jeanne Dolmetsch**, recorder. The doyen of recorder players gives his 42nd recital at the Wigmore Hall with a programme that includes Legnani, Byrd, Locatelli, Corelli & Telemann. Apr 3, 7.30pm.

Moura Lympny & Friends. The distinguished pianist plays works by Franck, Rachmaninov, Debussy, Ravel, with Maud Martin Tortelier, cello, & Peter Csaba, violin. Apr 5, 7.30pm.

Nicolai Gedda, tenor, **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. The great Swedish tenor gives a recital of songs & arias by Thomas, Tchaikovsky, Bizet, Respighi & Gounod, in honour of Charles Osborne. Apr 9, 7.30pm.

Poole Oboe Quartet. Wigmore Hall début of a group formed in 1978 in Cambridge whose programme includes a collection of Ivor Novello melodies as well as Schubert, Mozart & Knussen. Apr 16, 7.30pm.

Andrés Segovia, guitar. 60th anniversary concert of the great guitarist, who plays some of the works he included in his first Wigmore Hall recital. He will also be presented with the Royal Philharmonic Society Gold Medal. Apr 26, 7.30pm.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

The Merry Widow. Valerie Masterson sings Hanna Glawari & Alan Opie is Count Danilo in Ian Judge's restaging. Apr 3, 5, 8, 9, 16, 18, 23, 26, 29.

Parsifal. Joachim Herz's production, with Warren Ellsworth singing the title role, Anne Evans as Kundry, Gwynne Howell as Gurnemanz, conducted by Reginald Goodall (Apr 4)/Lionel Friend. Apr 4, 11, 19.

★**The Bartered Bride.** Elijah Moshinsky's keenly observed production depicting a festival in a Czech village, with Angela Feeney as Mařenka, John Treleaven as Jenik, Alan Woodrow as Vašek, Richard Van Allan as Kecal. Peter Hirsch conducts, making his London début. Apr 10, 12, 17, 24, 28.

Dr Faust. British stage première of Busoni's opera in a new version by Anthony Beaumont, conducted by Mark Elder, produced by David Pountney, designed by Stefanos Lazaridis; Thomas Allen sings Faust. Apr 25, 30.

KENT OPERA

The Orchard, Dartford (0322 343333, cc). Apr 1, 2. King's Theatre, Southsea (0705 828282/811411, cc). Apr 4, 5. Theatre Royal, Plymouth (0752 669595, cc 0752 267222). Apr 8-12. Congress Theatre, Eastbourne (0323 36363, cc). Apr 16-19.

The Coronation of Poppea. New production with Eirian James as Poppea, Patricia Rozario as Nero, Sarah Walker as Ottavia.

La traviata. Jonathan Miller's production with Louisa Kennedy as Violetta, Patrick Power as Alfredo, Peter Knapp as Germont.

OPERA NORTH

Palace Theatre, Manchester (061-236 9922, cc 061-236 8012). Apr 1-5. Theatre Royal, Nottingham (0602 472328, cc). Apr 8-12. New Theatre, Hull (0482 20463, cc 0482 20464). Apr 15-19.

Aida. With Wilhelmina Fernandez/Valerie Popova as Aida, Frederick Donaldson/Seppo Ruohonen as Radames.

The Girl of the Golden West. With Mary Jane Johnson as Minnie, Reuben Dominguez

as Dick Johnson, Malcolm Donnelly as Jack Rance.

Intermezzo. With Rita Cullis as Christine & Peter Savidge as Storch.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Der fliegende Holländer. Mike Ashman's production, with Simon Estes singing the title role, Rosalind Plowright as Senta. Mar 26, 29, Apr 1, 5.

Arabella. Bernard Haitink conducts, with Lucia Popp as Arabella & Bernd Weikl as Mandryka. Mar 27, 31, Apr 4, 8, 10.

Semiramide. Not heard at Covent Garden since 1887, Rossini's opera receives three concert performances as part of the London International Opera Festival. It is conducted by Henry Lewis, with June Anderson singing the title role, Marilyn Horne as Arsace, Samuel Ramey as Assur. Apr 9, 12, 15.

Il barbiere di Siviglia. Ann Murray, Gino Quilico & Robert Lloyd sing Rosina, Figaro & Don Basilio for the first time with the company. Apr 14, 18, 23, 26.

Les Contes d'Hoffmann. John Schlesinger's production, with Neil Shicoff singing the title role, Luciana Serra as Olympia, Karan Armstrong as Giulietta, Nelly Miricioiu as Antonia, & Samuel Ramey as Lindorf, Coppélius, Dapertutto & Dr Miracle. Apr 22, 25, 29 Prom performance.

Tosca. Russian soprano Natalia Troitskaya makes her company début in the title role & Giuseppe Giacomini sings Cavaradossi for the first time at Covent Garden. Apr 28, first of a week of Prom performances at which 700 tickets at £3 are sold one hour before curtain up.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486, cc). Apr 1-5. Apollo Theatre, Oxford (0865 244544/5, cc). Apr 8-12.

★★**Otello.** REVIEW ON P74

★**Così fan tutte.** An attractive, ungimmicky production with Elaine Woods, Delia Wallis, Laurence Dale/Gordon Christie & Mark Holland. REVIEWED FEB. 1986.

I Puritani. With Suzanne Murphy, Dennis O'Neill, Phillip Joll, Geoffrey Moses.

BALLET

AMERICAN BALLROOM THEATRE

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Accompanied by the Pasadena Roof Orchestra, four couples demonstrate a blend of ballroom & ballet styles evocative of the Astaire/Rogers period. Apr 10-19, 12 matinée.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Congress Theatre, Eastbourne (0323 36363, cc). Apr 8-12. New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 32446, cc 0222 396130). Apr 14-19.

Coppélia. Ronald Hynd's production, danced in an over-decorated set by Desmond Heeley & with a strange infernal machine dominating the magic spells of Act II.

ROSALIND NEWMAN & DANCERS

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

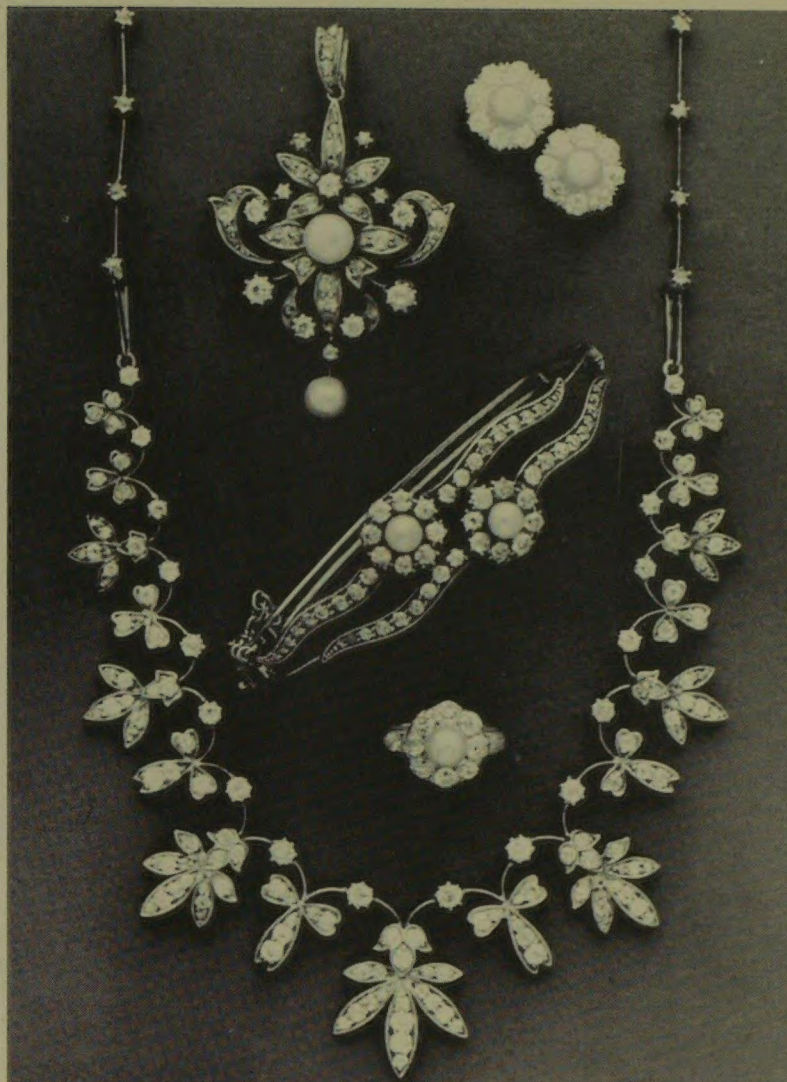
Modern dance technique performed to music as diverse as Vivaldi & Buddy Holly. Apr 29-May 3.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

★**Giselle.** The Romantic classic in Peter Wright's excellent new production. Apr 2.

Triple bill: Birthday Offering, Ashton's ➤



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BALLET continued

grand showcase for fine dancers in a sadly unworthy revival; *The Sons of Horus*, David Bintley's latest, a venture into Egyptology (REVIEWED DEC. 1985); *A Month in the Country*, Ashton translates Turgenev into pure dance, jerking a few tears as he does so—Antoinette Sibley dances Natalia Petrovna at the first two performances. Apr 3, 7, 24.

★**Romeo & Juliet.** MacMillan's version, strong in drama & excitement, is probably the best in the current repertory. Gelsey Kirkland guests, with Anthony Dowell, on Apr 11, 19. Apr 11, 16, 19, 30 Prom performance.

MUSEUMS

ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM OF ART

Beaumont St, Oxford (0865 512651).

Impressionist Drawings. Astonishingly, this is the first exhibition of Impressionist drawings ever to be seen in Britain (it will be seen later in Manchester & Glasgow). On the whole, the members of the Impressionist Movement have been underrated as draughtsmen, though this is not the case with Degas or Seurat. The show includes composition studies for Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* & Seurat's *Dimanche d'été à la Grande-Jatte*. Until Apr 20. Tues-Sat 10am-4pm, Sun 2-4pm, Mar 31 2-5pm. Closed Mar 28-30.

BOILERHOUSE

V&A, Exhibition Rd, SW7 (581 5273).

Coke! Designing a Megabrand 1886-1986. See illustration below. Apr 9-May 15. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm.

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (730 0717).

Patriots & Liberators: Anglo-Spanish Military Co-operation during the Peninsular War, 1808-14. Commemorates the unsung co-operation given to the Anglo-Portuguese forces under Wellington by the Spanish army, contributing to the expulsion of the French from Iberia. Apr 15-July 31. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm.

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE

Chancery Lane, WC2 (405 0741).

The Domesday Exhibition. A fascinating study that reveals how the English farmed & fed, what the landscape looked like & who lorded it over whom in the year 1086. The source material is, of course, the two-volume survey instituted by William I, which is itself on display, & deciphered through the use of models, photographs, illustrations & more. Apr 3-Sept 30. £2.50, concessions £1.25. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456).

100 Years of the Automobile. Daimler-Benz exhibition reviewing the evolution of the motor car 100 years after Benz patents were granted & both Benz & Daimler gave their first demonstrations on public roads. A reproduction of the 1886 Daimler is one of the cars on view. Until May 26. FEATURE IN SUPPLEMENT. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Mar 28.

GALLERIES

THOMAS AGNEW

43 Old Bond St, W1 (629 6176).

Out of Afghanistan—Paintings for Unicef. Emma Sergeant is best known as a young portrait painter who made a well-publicized debut. Now she & Dominique Lacloche have been travelling in Afghanistan, painting the Afghan resistance to the Soviets, & their works will be sold on behalf of Unicef. Apr 16-May 9. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 6.30pm.

BURY STREET GALLERY

11 Bury St, SW1 (930 2902).

Danish Painting from 1880 to 1920. Danish Golden Age painting had a slightly mixed reception when it was shown at the National Gallery. This show contains work by a later & probably greater generation. Particularly important are Krøyer & Hammershøi. Krøyer is generally categorized as an Impressionist, & his beach scenes are filled with magical northern light; Hammershøi is known for quietist, faintly disturbing interiors, all in shades of white & off-white. Until Apr 20. Mon-Fri 10am-1pm, 2-5pm. Closed Mar 28-31.

COURTAULD INSTITUTE GALLERIES

Woburn Sq, WC1 (580 1015).

The Hidden Face of Manet: An Investigation of the Artist's Working Processes. Exhibition presented by *The Burlington Magazine* that delves beneath the surface of Manet's works to reveal how he reached his final results. Apr 23-June 15. £1.50, concessions 50p. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

ODETTE GILBERT GALLERY

5 Cork St, W1 (437 3175).

George Hooper. Colourful work with Fauve overtones by a spirited & then almost forgotten septuagenarian to whom the gallery gave a major retrospective in 1984. Apr 9-May 17. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

GIMPEL FILS

30 Davies St, W1 (493 2488).

Albert Irvin: Recent Paintings. Irvin's powerful abstract art was a long time in making its way with the critics & public. Today he ranks as one of the most interesting middle-generation painters working in Britain. Apr 15-May 10. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (261 0127).

1986 Hayward Annual: Contemporary British & European Art. This year includes a European element & the show fills the entire gallery. Apr 9-June 15. £2.50, concessions & everybody all day Mon, Tues & Wed 6-8pm £1.50. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm.

ANNELY JUDA FINE ART

11 Tottenham Mews, W1 (637 5517).

Vordemberge-Gildewart: Drawings & Collages 1920-60. A long & unpronounceable name has hampered recognition of this major Constructivist, a German who was associated with the Dutch avant-garde movement De Stijl. Annelly Juda have long been devotees of his work, which is now rare (Friedrich Vordemberge-Gildewart was born in 1899 & died in 1962). Apr 17-July 5. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

MARLBOROUGH FINE ART

6 Albemarle St, W1 (629 5161).

Studies of the Nude. Naked bodies are once

again fashionable in art. This is a gathering of work by top-class hands, among them Auerbach, Bacon, Blake, John Davies, Hockney, Kitaj, Freud & Henry Moore. Until May 2. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 12.30pm. Closed Mar 28-31.

NEW GRAFTON GALLERY

49 Church Rd, Barnes, SW13 (748 8850).

Mary Fedden. This new showing of Mary Fedden's gentle art—oils, watercolours & collages—is sure to please her numerous admirers. She is an artist who makes little impact in public galleries but who has attracted devoted collectors. Apr 9-May 3. Tues-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

PICCADILLY GALLERY

16 Cork St, W1 (629 2875).

Rudolf Schlichter. The first time that an important group of watercolours & drawings by this Weimar realist has been shown in England. Schlichter was a close friend of Georg Grosz, who nevertheless mocked him for his strange private obsessions, & the show is redolent of 1920s Berlin. Until Apr 12.

Graham Arnold. Gentle work, often with Shakespearean references, by a founder member of the Brotherhood of Ruralists. Apr 15-May 17.

Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 12.30pm. Closed Mar 28-Apr 1.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-92). Until Mar 31. £3, concessions & everybody on Sun until 1.45pm £2, children £1.50. FEATURED JAN. 1986.

Alfred Gilbert: Sculptor of Eros. A long-neglected sculptor reappraised. Mar 21-June 29. £2.50, £1.70, £1.25. FEATURE ON P 57. Daily 10am-6pm. Closed Mar 28.

SPINK

King St, St James's, SW1 (930 7888).

Islamic Jewelry. Sale exhibition in which items, dating from the eighth to 19th centuries, have originated in countries as far afield as Spain, India & Indonesia. Apr 15-May 10. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Forty Years of Modern Art 1945-85. The changing face of art since the war is represented by 350 works from the gallery's collection. Until Apr 27. REVIEW ON P 72

David Hockney: Lithographs. These new prints show not only the effect of Hockney's experiments with photo-collage, but also the influence of Matisse & Picasso on his recent work, more successfully absorbed here in graphic art than in paintings he has produced in the past few years. Mar 26-May 11.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Closed Mar 28.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

The Painter-Sculptor in the 20th Century. Major exhibition which explores a fascinating theme: the sculpture made by artists whose primary reputation is due to their painting. Lots of big names—Picasso, Matisse, Giacometti—plus others which are at any rate big-for-now, such as Baselitz & Clemente. Somewhere in the middle come a group of well-established Americans—Willem de Kooning, Barnett Newman & Roy Lichtenstein. Postponed from an earlier date, this is a show to make the London art world think & argue. Mar 27-May 25. £2, concessions £1. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm (free admission Wed 3-8pm). ➤➤➤



In *Coke! Designing a Megabrand 1886-1986*, the Boilerhouse brings us yet another celebration of consumer culture: the story of the best-known soft drink in the world. "The success of Coca-Cola is largely attributable to the early recognition that a strong image was a vital sales tool" is one sentence that virtually says it all. Advertising and packaging must be both good and beautiful.



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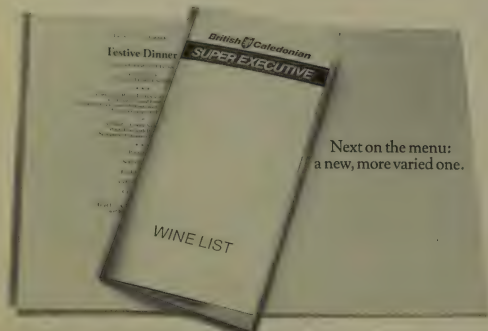
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LECTURES

BONHAMS/MONTEPELIER STUDIO

4 Montpelier St, SW7 1EZ (584 0667).

Artists at Work. A six-week modern-art lecture course centred on Bonhams in Knightsbridge but with visits to the studios & workshops of Peter Blake, Bridget Riley, Eduardo Paolozzi, Richard Seifert, Henry Moore & others. Apr 28-June 6. £900, plus VAT. Course prospectus from Mrs Helen Frayling, Course Principal.

DEPARTMENT OF THE ENVIRONMENT

2 Marsham St, SW1P 3EB (212 0613).

Furnishing Fabrics. A six-week V&A/DoE lecture course, Thursdays 2-5pm, at various sites in London: *Dye & fibre plants & 18th-century furnishings* (Kew Gardens & Palace, Apr 17); *Embroidered furnishings* (V&A, Apr 24); *Spitalfields silk* (walking tour of Spitalfields & Bethnal Green Museum, May 1); *Textile machinery & researching historic furnishings* (Science Museum & Kensington Palace, May 8); *Tapestry & Hampton Court* (Hampton Court, May 15); *17th-century furnishings* (Ham House, May 22). No charge above normal admission fees. To book, contact Bill Addison, Room C11/07.

NATIONAL SOUND ARCHIVE

29 Exhibition Rd, SW7 2AS (589 6603).

20th-Century Blues: A Requiem for Comedy? Producer of radio & television comedy for 30 years, including *Hancock's Half Hour* & *Till Death Us Do Part*, Dennis Main Wilson reflects on the changing face of broadcast comedy from its beginnings to the present day. Apr 3.

Poetry in Performance. Troubadour-editor-publisher, Michael Horovitz opens a discussion on poetry, performance & politics today, having first raided the NSA's poetry recordings collection. Apr 10.

Making Tracks. Former head of Recording Services BBC, Laurence Stapley draws on material from the NSA's Oral History project detailing the early experiences of artists & broadcasters, as well as on more recent interviews with Sir Neville Marriner & Sir David Willcocks. Apr 24.

All events at 7.30pm. Tickets £2, concessions £1, bookable in advance with sae.

SALEROOMS

BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Prize & field sports. Includes a small decorative box, the lid painted with a cricket scene, which once belonged to Fuller Pilch, leading English batsman 1830-45, & a celebratory boxer's belt presented to Owen Moran in 1908. Apr 17, 6pm.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

Old Master pictures. Goya's *Marquesa de Santa Cruz*, which Spain has claimed was smuggled out of the country illegally, will provide the focus of interest. Apr 11, 11am.

New art, new world. Charity sale, in aid of Save the Children Fund's East African Appeal, offering works on the theme of new beginnings by 70 international contemporary artists (Peter Blake, Patrick Caulfield, A.R. Penck etc). Apr 22, 7pm.

Sculptures. Includes English marble bust of Benjamin Franklin (1706-90), the earliest known portrait in this form. The work of the Flemish-born sculptor John Michael Rysbrack (1694-1770), & presumed to have been

undertaken when Franklin came to London as agent of the Pennsylvania Assembly, it was recently discovered in private hands in Yorkshire. It is expected to fetch £150,000. Apr 24, 11am.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Fine English watercolours. A satirical view of a Channel tunnel is one of six wash drawings by Heath Robinson dated 1917 & estimated at £300. Apr 7, 11am.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Old Master paintings. 38 Flemish paintings from the Charles De Pauw collection, including 18 by Brueghel, are expected to fetch £2 million. FEATURE ON P26. In the same sale a *Madonna & Child* by Pseudo Pier Francesco Fiorentino is expected to sell for about £100,000. Apr 9, 11am.

Postage stamps. Features a "first day cover" Penny Black of May 6, 1840, plus rare European airmails of the pioneer period. Apr 10, 11, 10.30am & 2pm.

Photographs. Two photographs of Marilyn Monroe, inscribed in her own hand to the photographer Bill Burnside, who took them in the late 1940s, are expected to fetch between £3,000 & £5,000 each. Apr 25, 10.30am.

CHILDREN

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141).

A Noise in Your Eye. Exhibition of sound sculptures which visitors are actively encouraged to "play". An amusing collection of objects produce a range of surprising noises. Until Apr 13. Mon-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun, Mar 28, 31 noon-8pm. £1.50, children 75p.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535).

Baniprosunno's Phantastic Animals Workshops. Using scrap paper & branches of trees, Indian artist Baniprosunno creates weird & wonderful creatures (outdoors if fine). Apr 7-13, 2-4pm.

GEFFRYE MUSEUM

Kingsland Rd, E2 (739 9893).

Ragging & Rolling for All. More of the museum's unusual & imaginative practical sessions, these explore the techniques used in the craft of imitating marble fireplaces & grained panelling now in vogue again as home decorations. Apr 1-5, 8-12 (children 10am-12.30pm, families 2-4pm).

NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (633 0880).

Royal Opera Theatre Days at the NT. Part of the London International Opera Festival, these sessions give young people the opportunity to see backstage at the NT & to meet theatre & Royal Opera staff involved in the practical aspects of producing operas & plays. Apr 10, 11.30am (nine- to 13-year-olds); Apr 11, 11.30am (14- to 18-year-olds). Tickets £2.50, bookable in advance from Anita Calvert, Education Unit, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2E 9DD, with sae & enclosing a cheque made payable to Royal Opera.

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Liz Falla, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin, Penny Watts-Russell. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.

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GREAT OR LITTLE BRITAIN?

The Prince of Wales is becoming adept at giving colourful expression to public anxieties that have often gone unnoticed. He did so with great effect two years ago when he criticized the proposed National Gallery extension in Trafalgar Square as "a monstrous carbuncle on the face of a much-loved and elegant friend", words which quickly prompted massive public support, the abandonment of the carbuncle project and a complete reappraisal by the National Gallery board of the requirements for a building on this very exposed site. More recently the Prince put his finger on another tender spot in the public anatomy when he suggested to a group of businessmen that unless we were willing to change our attitudes and introduce a sense of urgency into the regeneration of industry and enterprise, Britain could end up as a fourth-rate country.

There is, as Peter Jay points out in his introductory article to our feature in this issue, nothing new in diagnosing what is wrong with Britain—it is almost an industry in itself—and Prince Charles can hardly be criticized for joining in with a vivid description of his own particular nightmare: "he is just as entitled to be underwhelmed by the prospect of reigning over a fourth-rate nation as the rest of us are by the prospect of living in it". It is also evident, as the results of our opinion poll show, that the Prince is once more reflecting the concern of a majority of the British people. Nearly 60 per cent of those questioned (see page 39) think it quite likely that Britain will end up a fourth-rate nation, though it may be significant that the youngest age group (16–24) do not share this pessimism.

Certainly each of the six contributors to our feature—experts in economics, industry and commerce, education and training, government and administration, science and technology—recognizes the danger, though none believes that a decline into fourth-nation status is inevitable. The one non-British observer, Professor J. K. Galbraith, declares that no country should accept economic decline as inevitable, nor should anyone settle for a fourth-rate employment record or a fourth-rate standard of living, though these can result from the absence of strong affirmative public action.

For the scientists Dr Alexander Reid notes that technology has suffered from the lack of centres of excellence for its study, and for the study of engineering and design, from the appalling state of British industrial relations, from upper-class snobbishness and working-class sloppiness. Julia Cleverdon, writing on education, agrees, noting that the system was designed to sift out the academic talent and spit out the rest. "The fact that 50 per cent of students leave school as soon as they are able shows a low level of



motivation and customer satisfaction with a product costing £16 billion a year."

Yet, as all agree, it is education and technical skills that we need. Britain is part of the huge European market, and it is this which provides the country's real opportunity to establish itself, in the words of Sir John Harvey-Jones, "in the forefront of the industries of the 21st century on a worldwide basis". All that is needed is "first the imagination and understanding to see the opportunity, and second the priority in our national thinking to attract the best brains to the task".

The problem may be, as Norman Strauss suggests, in the system. Able civil servants are responsive to the whims of low-calibre politicians, and lose their creativity and innovative spirit as a result. Writing from his experience in the policy unit at 10 Downing Street he notes that all political parties "prescribe imperfect solutions because they simply do not have the re-

sources for sufficiently high levels of abstraction, modelling and policy coherence", and proposes the creation of a new institution outside the direct control of both the existing civil service and the government—in effect, a fourth separation of power.

It may be hard to envisage reform of this nature emerging from the present leadership establishment, though there can be little doubt that some radical change in our current method of administration would be popular. Our opinion poll shows that many people have strong reservations about the way the country is run, and there is probably a link between this and the majority concern at the prospect of Britain degenerating into a fourth-rate country. There is certainly no need for this to happen, and if the Prince of Wales's voice stimulates the action that our feature shows to be necessary he will have done a signal service, as well as helped preserve a nation worth reigning over.

THE GULF WAR



The war between Iran and Iraq has recently found a new focal point: the disused oil port of Fao on the tip of the Fao peninsula in southern Iraq. This was taken by a strong Iranian force which contrived to stage a night crossing of the vastly broad Shatt al Arab river which divides the two countries south of Basra. Despite heavy artillery and fighter bomber attacks, the Iraqis failed to dislodge the invaders in the ensuing weeks.



Hit by a ground-to-air missile, an Iraqi helicopter crashes in flames, left; an Iraqi tank burns near Fao, top, with Iranian artillery in the foreground; Iranian soldiers, above, on Iraqi soil after their capture of Fao, a disused oil port across the Shatt al Arab river.

The Fao front



Iran's home front

The human toll of the war, now in its sixth year, has been particularly heavy on the Iranian side. Inspired by their Islamic faith and the ayatollahs' propaganda, the Iranian soldiers have fought with suicidal courage. Those who have offered to serve in the front line depart for a staging post wearing headscarves inscribed with religious slogans.

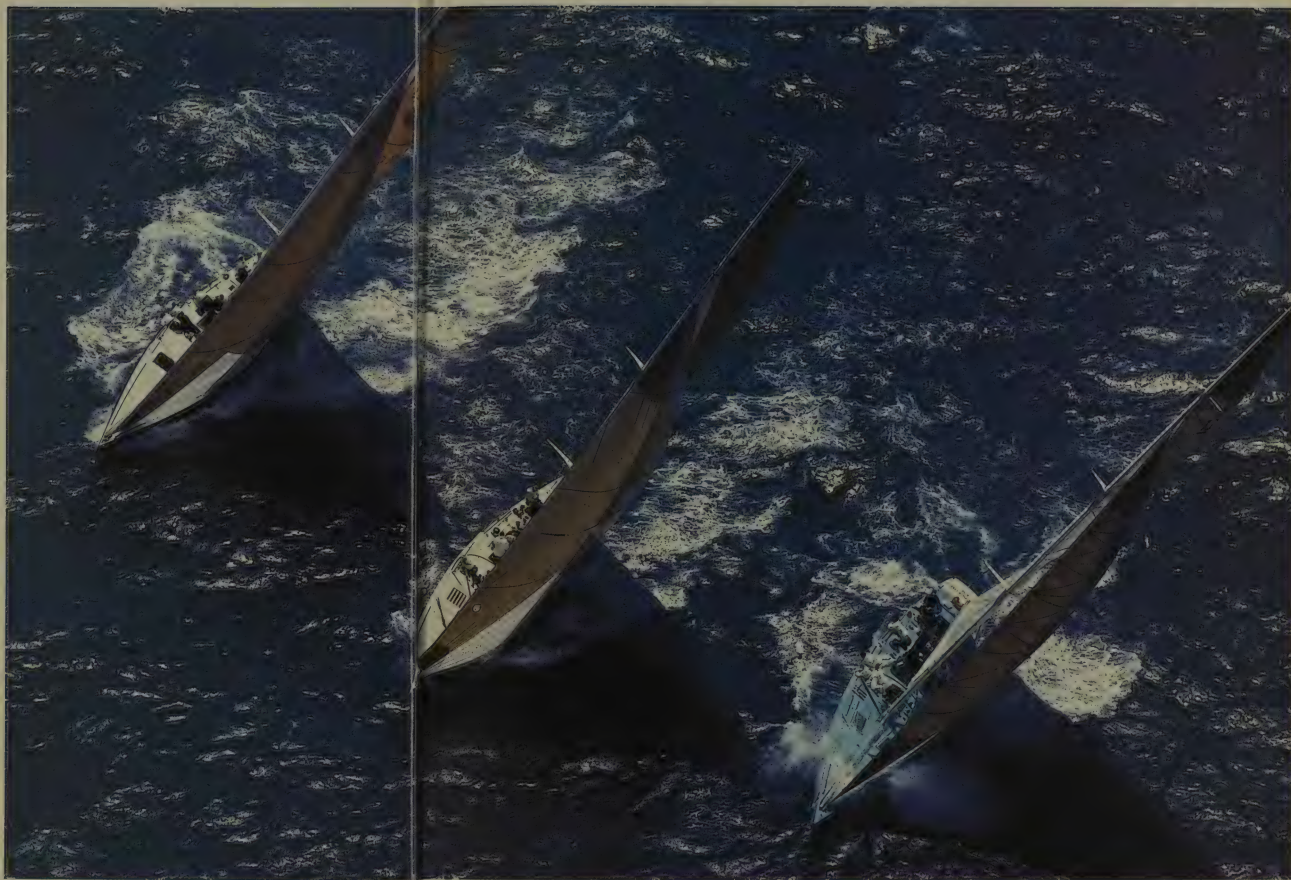
Volunteers, many in this instance far from young, in Teheran leaving for the front, left; a mother with portraits of her sons, all three killed in the war with Iraq, top; crutches, artificial limbs and other invalid aids tell their own story of the human toll of the war. They are seen stacked by a portrait of the Ayatollah Montazeri at the home of the director of Coca-Cola Iran, now used as a treatment centre for war victims.

AUSTRALIA RULES THE WAVES

Australian businessman Alan Bond and his syndicate, holders of the America's Cup, confirmed their pre-eminence in 12 metre racing with victory in the World Championships off Fremantle, Western Australia. *Australia III*, skippered by Colin Beashall, beat yachts from America, Canada, Italy and New Zealand to become a leading contender for the next America's Cup.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEO MASON



Left, *Australia III*, identified by KA-9 on its spinnaker, won the eight-heat championships with a race to spare. Above, three other competitors streak across the ocean.



A group of Flemish paintings to be auctioned shortly in London is expected to fetch almost £2 million.

From selling fire extinguishers after the Second World War, Charles De Pauw became a successful property developer in Belgium with a remarkable modern, open-plan house at Wavre, near Brussels, and a name for quiet philanthropy. A stream ran through the sitting room, complete with an island on which reposed his desk. Outside, the lawn was graced by two Henry Moores, a Maillol and a large Niki de St Phalle. Encouraged by his second wife in the dozen years before he died in 1984, aged 64, he collected 16th-century Flemish painting, fine French furniture, porcelain, jewelry, silver and antiques, now to be dispersed over several weeks to an estimated total of £6-8 million by Sotheby's. The 38 Flemish paintings will be auctioned in Bond Street on April 9. They include no fewer than 18 by Pieter Brueghel the Younger, son of the great master of the same name, and three by his brother Jan. For Pieter Brueghel's *The Peasants' Wedding*, left, a price of £280,000-£300,000 is estimated, while *Summer Harvesters*, above, from the same hand, is expected to fetch £120,000-£160,000.

A BEVY OF BRUEGHEL

FOR THE RECORD

APRIL 86

Monday, February 10

Iran launched an offensive in the southern Gulf war sector, its first for 11 months, capturing an Iraqi island on the western bank.

Dr Geoffrey Martin, Reader in Egyptian Archaeology at London University, and Dr Jacobus Van Dijk of the Leyden Museum in Holland, discovered the 3,000-year-old tomb of Maya, King Tutankhamun's treasurer at Saqqara, Egypt.

The High Court fined the print union Sogat 82 £25,000 for ignoring court orders not to block the distribution of Rupert Murdoch's newspapers and ordered the sequestration of the union's £17 million assets. On February 14 the National Graphical Association was also fined £25,000 but escaped sequestration of its assets by cancelling blacking instructions to its members.

Tuesday, February 11

Anatoly Shcharansky, Soviet-Jewish human rights activist, was freed together with three western intelligence agents in an East-West exchange of prisoners on Glienicke Bridge in Berlin. Five

Communist agents were released.

Libyan forces attacked Kouba Olanga in Chad, breaking a lull in the 20-year-old dispute.

Graham Greene, the novelist, Sir Frank Whittle, inventor of the jet engine, and Frederick Sanger, double Nobel Prize winner for chemistry, were awarded the Order of Merit.

Douglas Hurd, the Home Secretary, announced that the police would receive an extra £52 million in the new financial year to combat terrorism, public disorder and drug abuse.

Wednesday, February 12

Shareholders of Westland, the helicopter company, voted to accept the US-backed Sikorsky-Fiat rescue bid.

Margaret Thatcher and President Francois Mitterrand attended the signing of the Channel Tunnel treaty by the Foreign Secretaries of Britain and France in Canterbury Cathedral.

Friday, February 14

An American woman won the New Jersey state lottery for the second time in four months, bringing her total winnings to \$5.3 million.

Edmund Rubbra, the composer, died aged 84.

Saturday, February 15

The National Assembly proclaimed President Marcos winner of the Philippines election by 1.5 million votes. Protests led by supporters of his opponent, Mrs Corazon Aquino, culminated in a military revolt on February 22 led by Defence Minister Juan Enrile and Lieutenant-General Fidel Ramos who had deserted Marcos. Both presidential candidates were sworn in on February 25 but Marcos left the country shortly afterwards, leaving it in the hands of Mrs Aquino.

Barry McGuigan successfully defended his world featherweight boxing title in Dublin against Danilo Cabrera from the Dominican Republic.

Sunday, February 16

The Soviet cruise liner *Mikhail Lermontov* sank after hitting rocks in the Marlborough Sound off New Zealand. All passengers, and all but one of the crew, were saved.

Mario Soares, former Socialist Prime Minister, won the Portuguese election

to become the country's first civilian President for more than 60 years.

Hundreds of thousands of Sikhs at a rally at the temple of Anandpur Sahib in the Punjab promised to free the Golden Temple at Amritsar from separatist militants who took it over last month.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left England for the start of a month-long tour of Nepal, New Zealand and Australia.

French fighters bombed a Libyan-built airfield in northern Chad in response to a request for help from Chad's President Habra.

Monday, February 17

Britain and Saudi Arabia signed a £5 billion deal for the sale of 132 British military aircraft to Saudi Arabia.

Nine of the 12 members of the EEC signed the Single European Act, a package for reforms of the Community. Denmark signed on February 28 following a referendum on February 27 when Danish voters approved the measures. Italy and Greece signed on February 28.

Johnson & Johnson, the US health care group, announced that it would no

longer manufacture drugs in capsule form following the death of a woman who took a Tylenol painkiller capsule that had been laced with cyanide.

Tuesday, February 18

South African police and army reinforcements moved into the black township of Alexandra to quell riots. The official death toll in four days of violence rose to 19.

The High Court granted leave to the Bar Council to bring judicial review proceedings against the Lord Chancellor, challenging his decision to increase the level of criminal aid fees by only 5 per cent. The Law Society was also granted leave on February 26.

In Britain the price of petrol in most areas fell by 2.7p a gallon, the second reduction in two weeks.

Wednesday, February 19

King Hussein of Jordan announced that Middle East peace initiative talks with the Palestinian Liberation Organization had collapsed.

The Government ordered an investigation of the safety arrangements within the Sellafield nuclear reprocessing plant after the discovery of a radioactive leak, the second in 12 days. Another was discovered on March 1.

Thursday, February 20

The Soviet Union launched an unmanned space vehicle with six docking positions, designed eventually to become a permanently manned space station.

The Government published an Education Bill designed to curb political interference in State schools by local authorities, to give parents a greater say in running schools, and to submit teachers' work to assessment.

The Prince of Wales began a four-day state visit to Texas.

Friday, February 21

15 tons of "mildly radioactive" carbon dioxide gas were released when a safety valve failed on a nuclear reactor at the Trawsfynydd nuclear power station in north Wales.

Max Hastings was appointed editor of the *Daily Telegraph* and Peregrine Worsthorne editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*.

The French trawler *Snecker Arctic* sank in heavy seas off the Hebrides. Nine of the crew of 27 were rescued.

Saturday, February 22

The European Space Agency's rocket Ariane successfully launched two satellites into space.

President Reagan proposed in a letter to President Gorbachev that America and the Soviet Union should scrap all medium-range missiles in Europe and Asia within three years.

Sunday, February 23

The West Indies beat England in the first Test in Jamaica by 10 wickets.

Tuesday, February 25

President Gorbachev opened the Soviet Party Congress with a speech devoted to Soviet political and economic developments saying that greater democracy and less secrecy was essen-



A victory handshake between Mrs Corazon Aquino, the new President of the Philippines, and her Vice-President Salvador Laurel, after they had taken over from Ferdinand Marcos. Accused of fraud in the preceding elections, abandoned by his defence minister Juan Ponce Enrile and the former deputy armed forces chief General Fidel Ramos, and under intense US pressure, President Marcos finally stepped down after 20 years in power. He was flown by the US Air Force into exile in Hawaii with his family, close associates and some valuable baggage.



Ingvar Carlsson succeeded Olof Palme as Prime Minister of Sweden following Palme's assassination on February 28.

tial to more economic management.

107 people were killed and 715 injured when conscripted members of Egypt's paramilitary Central Security Forces rioted in Cairo following a report that their period of service was to be increased by one year.

Wednesday, February 26

The Labour Party's National Executive Committee accepted a report that the Militant Tendency in Liverpool was breaking the party's constitution.

The European Court of Justice in Luxembourg ruled that it was a breach of the EEC's equal treatments directives to force women to retire aged 60 when men retire at 65.

More than 1,000 people were arrested during a general strike in Bombay over government price increases in India.

Thursday, February 27

Unemployment in Britain fell in February by 25,836 to 3,381,893 but the underlying trend rose by 4,800 to a record level of 3,210,000, or 13.3 per cent of the workforce.

Robert Penn Warren, who won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry and fiction three times, was appointed the first poet laureate in the United States.

Friday, February 28

Olof Palme, Prime Minister of Sweden, was shot dead in Stockholm.

Saturday, March 1

Tommy Farr, British and Empire boxing champion, died aged 71.

Sunday, March 2

Zafer al-Masri, newly appointed mayor of Nabus on the Israeli-occupied West Bank, was shot dead.

The Queen signed the proclamation of the Australia Act 1986 in Canberra giving Australia legal independence.

150 foreign workers, including four Britons, were kidnapped in Angola by Unita guerrillas.

Monday, March 3

More than 35 people were arrested in violent incidents in Northern Ireland during a one-day general strike in protest against the Anglo-Irish agreement.

Local authorities and the teaching unions signed a legally-binding pay settlement ending the year-long dispute.

South African police shot dead seven suspected African National Congress insurgents in the black township of Guguletu.

Tuesday, March 4

The first issue of Eddy Shah's new national newspaper, *Today*, was published.

At least 15 people were killed, including the ambassador, in a fire which gutted the Chilean Embassy in Caracas, Venezuela.

Dr Hugh Jolly, paediatrician, died aged 67.

Thursday, March 6

Nato manoeuvres involving 20,000 troops from eight nations were cancelled after at least 13 soldiers had been killed in an avalanche in Norway.

Friday, March 7

The South African government ended its seven-month state of emergency and released nearly all who had been detained under the regulations since July 21.

Unemployment in the United States rose in February from 6.7 per cent to 7.3 per cent of the workforce, the highest monthly increase since 1980.

The London Metal Exchange closed all tin contracts at a fixed price and shut the tin market.

Sunday, March 9

Divers found the crew compartment of the US space shuttle *Challenger*, which blew up after take-off on January 28, in 100 ft of water 25 miles off the coast of Florida.



Pickets outside the Harland & Wolff shipyard in Belfast during the 24-hour strike of loyalists in protest at the Anglo-Irish agreement on March 3. More than 35 people were arrested during violent incidents.



Smoke pours from the Holiday Inn Pyramids hotel, one of four luxury hotels near the pyramids of Cairo set alight when conscripted members of the Egyptian Central Security Forces rioted. More than 100 people were killed and 700 hurt.

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THE PROSPECT FOR BRITAIN FIRST OR FOURTH RATE NATION?

APRIL 86



The Prince of Wales is worried that Britain could end up as a fourth-rate nation unless its people are willing to change their attitudes and introduce a sense of urgency into the regeneration of British industry and enterprise. Is he right? The *ILN* has invited six men and women of wide experience in public affairs and business to give their views on specific areas of national activity: industry and commerce, government and administration, science and technology, education and training, quality of life and the environment, and the overall national economic performance. In addition, the MORI organization has sampled public opinion on our behalf, with some striking results published on page 39.

1 WHAT'S WRONG?



PETER JAY, broadcaster and former British ambassador in Washington, identifies the gormlessness factor.

"What's wrong with Britain?" is itself one of Britain's most traditional and characteristic industries. It dates back beyond the turn of the present century, when French and other observers were already compiling the catalogue of British weaknesses which has since become so familiar whenever and wherever Britain's decline is discussed. These are the class divisions, the amateurism, absenteeism, snobbery and insularity of the upper class; the aspiration of the middle class to emulate the upper class; the recalcitrance, inertia, laziness and insularity of the working class; the failure to convert brilliant inventions into commercial opportunities; the disdain of science and engineering; the preoccupation with the distribution rather than the creation of wealth; the hostility to success and the envy of wealth interacting with the arrogance and sterility of the uses to which wealth is put; the philistinism of all classes; the deficiencies of government and politicians; and the general strong preference for the past over the future.

No one should blame Prince Charles for putting in his three-pennyworth to this sport of kings and commoners. He is just as entitled to be underwhelmed by the prospect of reigning over a fourth-rate nation as the rest of us are by the prospect of living in it. But it remains a debate which is long on assertions and opinions and short on rigour and evidence, which of course partly explains why it is so popular in a nation that manifestly has something

seriously wrong with, at least, its economic performance and loves an activity for which no exacting qualifications are required.

It might be supposed that, since the question—why is Britain's standard of living relatively so low and declining?—is an economic one, economists would be the people to answer it, were it not that the reputation of economists stands almost as low as that of politicians. Certainly there is no general agreement among them about why, since the war, British living standards have advanced more slowly than in many comparable industrial countries, especially in western Europe and Japan, except in the platitudinous sense that the reason, whatever it is, is essentially the same as the one why output per person in Britain has risen more slowly than in many comparable countries.

Some economists have dwelt heavily on the theory of "export-led" growth, arguing that it is only when the demand comes from overseas that an economy can keep expanding without running into balance of payments difficulties. Linked with this has been the argument that a competitive and flexible exchange rate is the key and that Britain has suffered because sterling has tended to be overvalued against other currencies, first because of the obligations believed until the end of the 1960s to belong to a "reserve currency" and later because of the influence of North Sea oil.

Others have emphasized the importance of large supplies of cheap labour, either immigrant or transferred from the low-efficiency agricultural sector. Compared with most Continental countries Britain, it is argued, had a far lower proportion of the work-force on the land in 1945 available to be transferred into higher productivity manufacturing and was less well placed to take advantage of cheap and "hungry" labour migrating from the underdeveloped areas of eastern Europe and the Mediterranean.

Still others have blamed high taxes, blighted incentives, an over-enlarged government sector, diminished market forces and too comfortable a welfare cushion for those who do not earn their own living. And yet others, like Prince Charles, have looked for the explanation in

the social psychology of Britain, complaining of torpid and complacent attitudes contrasted with American "get-up-and-go".

None of these explanations fully and neatly fits all of the facts. Countries like Germany, France and Japan have managed to overcome sharp upward revaluations of their currencies, although somewhat lower growth rates have been achieved by them in the 1970s and 80s than in the heyday of growth in the 50s and 60s.

American growth, albeit starting from and finishing at a very much higher absolute level of output per head, has been as slow as or slower than Britain's in the post-war period, though President Reagan's "super Keynesian" expansion of the last five years has boosted output and cut unemployment, however unsustainably, enough to make recent comparisons look rather more favourable to the United States. The main reason for America's historically much higher absolute level of output per man and, hence, living standards, is probably to be found in the simple fact of the dramatically more favourable capital/labour ratios.

This suggests serious doubts about those explanations which rely either on more enterprising American attitudes, admirable and valuable as these may be for their own sakes, or on the freer play given to market forces, the more limited role of government and the supposedly less penal tax regime at the United States. Likewise, when the British tax regime, social welfare arrangements and the ratios of public to private sectors in the "mixed economy" are compared with the figures for Germany, France, Italy and Sweden, no simple demonstration of the relevance or importance of these factors to growth emerges. Equally awkward for the glib one-off explanations is the fact that British output per head has grown faster in the

last 40 years than in any but the very best decade of the Victorian economic miracle. Arguably the underlying rate of technological innovation has been faster in modern times, thereby setting a higher rate of economic growth as "par" for the course; but it still leaves the explanations which dwell upon the deadening and distracting effects of the rise of collectivism looking little better than speculations.

None of this—and much more of the same from the economists—prevents the man in the street, or indeed in the boardroom, the canteen or the palace, from believing whatever he likes about what is wrong with Britain and why. It may prove nothing more than the limitations of a discipline, like economics, which has to focus on what it can identify, weigh and measure, when trying to penetrate so complex a phenomenon as the economic and social torpor of a whole nation.

This being the case, anecdote, impression and intuition cannot be simply rejected as unscientific. Prince Charles's belief that "more than anything else... we need a change in attitudes... what we need more than anything else is a sense of urgency" is instinctively appealing and plausible to all of us who have screamed inside ourselves with rage and frustration at the insuperable and incomprehensible obstacles to making things, especially new things, happen in Britain

Prince Charles is entitled to be underwhelmed by the prospect of reigning over a fourth-rate nation.

in contrast with the intimidating atmosphere of the United States, where people seem to ask, "Why not?" rather than, "Why?"

But as Prince Charles rightly asks: "How on earth do you actually kindle the spirit of enterprise... of determined individuality?" (And, as he does not ask, how do you explain the success of determined—and very anti-individualistic—collectivism in Japan?) We may, as he says, have got used to an "employee-related existence" in the

2 NEW ETHOS NEEDED



NORMAN STRAUSS,
management consultant
and former adviser at
10 Downing Street, calls for
fresh thinking in Whitehall.

➤ era of the old heavy industries; and these may prevent people feeling or "realizing that they actually can make a contribution themselves towards the generation of jobs and enterprises".

But were there not heavy industries and a similar sort of industrial proletariat in Germany, France, Italy, Japan and the United States? If, as he says, "we are struggling against a completely different [i.e. non-enterprising, non-individualistic] culture in this country", if, too, "there is no realization of what people can achieve", why are so many other countries with similar legacies and similar fiscal and social arrangements not also in this bind?

My own conclusion, which is no better or more scientific than anyone else's hunch, is that the answer lies beyond the sphere of economic and social mechanics, important as they are. There is something, as it were, in the air; and, if a single word for it were wanted, it would be "gormlessness". We meet it everywhere and everyday. Economists cannot weigh or measure it; but we all recognize it—easily in others, more painfully and, of course, less frequently in ourselves.

It is exemplified perfectly in London today. In Poplar stands a technical training school (part of a College of Further Education) offering training in the very skills—metal-working, pattern-making, cabinet-making and working in plastics—for which industry, large and small, is crying out and which are naturally the foundations of the very small businesses which are seen by everyone from Prince Charles downwards as the route to economic salvation. It stands in an area of exceptionally high unemployment, especially among the young, and in an area of classical "inner city" deprivation. It is equipped at high cost with the latest and best machinery; and it is manned by dedicated and enthusiastic Scottish and other engineers. So proud and excited are they by what they have to offer—after prolonged struggles to raise the money—that they have put letters through every door in the neighbourhood begging young and old alike to come, to see and to learn. Except in the evenings almost nobody comes.

Explain that, and you may have cracked the mystery.

We are in our present state because of our history and values and the nature of the world around us. Our past has so far helped to generate a particular character, culture, climate and atmosphere—the national ethos. Ethos is a diffuse, value-laden concept. It can best be defined as an interacting set of traditions, institutions, qualities, attitudes, people and behaviour patterns. The British ethos has proved peculiarly unsuited to managing the times we live in. Our trading competitors appear to do better.

Our stars are not satisfactorily guiding us to our personal destiny. The climate in which we exist does not seem to suit our economic health. We are living in a state of profound unease which does not beget confidence, creativity, optimism or commitment. When we talk about altering behaviour and performance, we should recognize that many factors are involved in attitude transformation. No solution can succeed that does not first attempt to identify the whole set of variables at work, then model and address them.

Our leadership establishment is inappropriate for such multi-faceted tasks. It is temperamentally and operationally ill-suited to the nature of our problems. Our political parties prescribe imperfect solutions because they lack the resources for sufficiently high levels of abstraction, modelling and policy coherence.

It remains a tragedy that able civil servants are responsive to the whims of low-calibre politicians. They do not give of themselves, because the system prevents them from doing so. They lose their creativity and innovative spirit. Consequently the UK is denied some of its very best talents.

The need for different operating styles and organizational practices to suit different circumstances is clear. The agenda-setting, debate-avoiding, resource-controlling patronage and

power-grabbing qualities of leaders are evident, as are the ability—or inability—to cope with the pressure of portfolio work and Governments' continuing failure to fulfil manifesto commitments.

Why have we not learnt the ways in which the British ethos undermines progress and redesigns the system to avoid them? One reason must be that pioneering is difficult when radicalism is not encouraged, practised or valued. Both civil servants and politicians manifest a clear, vested interest in the status quo.

Civil servants hold all the resources and do all the work. The politicians take their cue from them. Our problems lie in the very nature of the most senior bureaucrats and administrators. They run the machine so that it constantly seeks the centre of gravity. It is a compromise machine. It does not know how to innovate. It does not want to change.

We are suffering from the insufferable arrogance, the insensitivity and the vanity of an imperfect system. The dilemma is how to prove this when the people currently in charge of the system will not admit it, even when they retire. This would be to criticize their own life's work.

Not surprisingly, all civil servants have the same major psychological problem as successive generations of politicians. Their ambitions lie within traditional career steps to advancement. Politicians want office and its associated machinery of government. They want the trappings of power. It is the permanent civil service they have in effect fought to win, not the voters, who are only a means to that end.

Continuing with the present system unchanged is not good for democracy, progress, stability or hope. Yet is it not difficult to map out the strategic boundaries within which a solution to the dilemma is contained. What is lacking is the apparent willingness of any of our political parties to produce such a map. Sadly, we have arrived at a situation where our leaders refuse adequately to address the design of the instruments that they need to govern effectively.

There is a pressing need for political research and development to find ways to break out of this present situation and to

reshape our future. We must instil a disciplined approach to political and administrative research within the machinery of Government itself. Only when critical components have been identified and understood can better alternatives then be created, designed and tested. We should build competition and variety into the search for better Government policies; and additionally into the heart of the machinery of Government and our constitution.

This will require a new institution to be created and cultured outside the direct control of the existing civil service and the Government. But it must be paid for by the State. This institution, effectively the fourth separation of power, should be named "NET"—the Network for Explorations and Transformations. A Royal Commission should be convened to study this and work out the details. It is vital that the Commission members are not selected by the usual processes. Equally, they should stay on after reporting and be paid to set it up.

The NET can fulfil many constitutional functions and perform many tasks, including the following: Develop a body of competence to match the executive's responsibilities; marry the latest enabling technology with a new constitutional settlement; enfranchise information and knowledge by giving citizens' expertise a daily "vote"; generate the design specification for new parts of Government as and before the need arises; determine best practice in using multi-disciplinary teams; redefine and continuously update the code of ethics for a civil service profession that works; publish analyses identifying the assumptions and value judgments underlying key policies; provide politicians and

others with the training that they need; regularly report on and challenge the cultures of major institutions; and, finally, catalyse the creation of governmental expert systems and pioneer the uses of artificial intelligence in policy management.

Such radical thinking is what the next general election should be about. One measure of our continuing national failure will be whether or not Whitehall reform surfaces in manifestos.

Able civil
servants are
responsive to the
whims of
low calibre
politicians.

3 BREAKING THE CIRCLE



SIR JOHN HARVEY-JONES,
chairman of ICI, shows
how we can and must
regenerate manufacturing
industry.

It was perhaps inevitable that Britain's industrial pre-eminence should have been in decline, based as it was on a combination of science and technology and natural resources in the shape of coal, iron ore and water power, which led to the Industrial Revolution. Plainly the enormous share of world trade in manufacturing goods enjoyed by this country towards the end of the last century—derived from our own industrial pre-eminence and the possession of the Commonwealth with its preferential tariffs and almost limitless sources of raw materials—was bound to decline.

Our share of world trade in manufactures has declined steadily over a long period. This in itself need not be too worrying since world trade as a whole has been growing continuously and our manufacturing base has until recently not eroded too significantly relative to its previous strength. Its share of gross national product has gone down as it has in every developed country. However, the United Kingdom still exports

more manufactured goods per head of population than any other country including Japan. Why then should we be concerned that the Prince of Wales's fear that Britain could be relegated to the ranks of a fourth-rate nation may come true? The underlying reasons are complex, but the fact of the matter is that uniquely in this country manufacturing has actually reduced in the last 10 years.

Manufacturing output in the United Kingdom is still not back to the levels of 1979, while manufacturing output in the rest of the world has increased over that period. We are falling behind at an alarming and increasing rate. This reduction has coincided, indeed some would claim has been caused by, the exploitation of North Sea oil. But oil will henceforth be a declining source of exports. A resurgence of manufacturing is, therefore, essential if the country is to maintain its standard of living and have the growth of wealth which alone will enable so many problems to be overcome.

Manufacturing industry cannot live in a vacuum. Its existence depends to a large extent upon a worldwide competitive scientific base, upon a united nation (because manufacturing is a team effort) and upon a steady stream of educated people coming out of our schools and universities who wish to pursue a career in the manufacturing sector. In comparison with our major world competitors, in the United Kingdom manufacturing is less well-regarded as a career by young people than in the USA, Japan and Germany. This in itself is a source of concern.

The scientific and technological base of the United Kingdom, which has been, for its size, pre-eminent for many years, is also getting harder to maintain as the wealth to fund increasingly expensive scientific research fails to be created. Thus we find ourselves as a country in a

vicious circle which is extremely difficult to break, and hence, I assume, the Prince of Wales's concern for our future.

Many of the changes that need to be made do depend upon changes of attitude, and these, from experience all over the world, are slow to develop, particularly perhaps in the United Kingdom where we cherish the preservation of our old values and find adaptation difficult. Here, "change" and "new" are seen as threatening words rather than as representing opportunity.

It is particularly sad because the United Kingdom has many of the potential strengths that are necessary for industrial success for the future. Our people are actually hard-working and extremely creative. Our science and technology base is good, and in the area of invention Britain still has a record which far exceeds that of industrial competitors such as Japan. English people are highly adaptive and are accustomed to operating all over the world—an absolute necessity for modern industrial success. In many parts of the world our commercial reputation remains good and in a surprising number of other countries there is still, almost unbelievably, a reservoir of goodwill mingled with sadness at our relative decline.

Attitudes in the United Kingdom are changing, albeit slowly. We have unique skills in the area of computer software, which seems to have particular attractions for the British way of thinking. The advance of robotization and such technology as computer-aided design put an increasing premium on brains and individual skills rather than on the ability to

work as a team in which we have failed so dismally by comparison with other countries.

Manufacturing technology is increasingly moving our way and in practically every case the products of tomorrow will be made in quite a different way from those of the past. If a product is made by automatic machine there is no intrinsic reason why a British automatic machine should be any worse or have lower productivity than a Taiwanese or a Korean one.

The United Kingdom is a part of the European market, which is still, in sheer size and sophistication of demand, as large as the American one and as large as the sort of markets which the Japanese typically attack.

We have, therefore, a real opportunity, if the country sees it and acknowledges its importance, to establish ourselves in the forefront of the industries of the 21st century on a worldwide basis. All that is needed for us to achieve this, which would be wholly beneficial to every citizen, is first the imagination and understanding to see the opportunity, and second the priority in our national thinking to attract the best brains to the task.

We need also to ensure that the institutions which govern in so many ways our speed of adaptation are seized of the need and the chance to adapt. This is the task that lies ahead and it involves a great deal of change; certainly a change in direction from that which we have been following.

If the question is can we do it, I know we can. If the question is will we do it, then that depends on almost every citizen of our islands.

Uniquely in this
country
manufacturing
has actually
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4 SPARK, FUSE, EXPLOSION



ALEXANDER REID,
entrepreneur and former
head of British Telecom's
Spectrum division, spells out
the case for excellence.

achieve excellence, a major effort to achieve European collaboration in key areas, and a concentration of money on those who can and will achieve the exceptional.

British technology is in a much worse situation. While there have been improvements in British product quality over the last 10 years, we are still a long way from matching the design flair of the Italians, the solid engineering of the Germans, the major project developments of the USA, or the quality and style of the Japanese.

I believe the problems are fundamentally social and cultural rather than technical. There is still too great an emphasis on arts subjects in schools, partly because the teaching profession is one of the few means of employing arts graduates, and many teachers are therefore arts graduates themselves. There is also too much emphasis on fairness, and too little on achievement. The abolition of the grammar schools was a disaster. If Britain's economy is to succeed we need a good general level of education, but we also need peaks of excellence—particularly in engineering, technology and design. These subjects should be raised in status, and centres of excellence for their study should be established.

Moving on to the universities, Britain needs a greater output of professional engineers; Japan has more than five times as many engineering graduates. British engineers have always been good at coming up with innovative ideas; they have been weak in transferring those ideas quickly to reliable production. Another weakness (strictly outside the scope of this article) is in professional business management: we should have five times as many places as we do in management schools such as the London Business School. We need the very best students and the very best standards.

Technology has also suffered from the appalling state of British industrial relations. Many unions have inculcated Luddite attitudes among their members, and management has found it convenient to cave in. Management has also often abdicated to unions the task of communicating on a day-to-day basis with

the workforce. Endless effort is wasted on bickering between unions and management, as if the world and the customer owed them a living and the most important thing was to argue about how the cake was divided within the firm.

By contrast many Japanese firms have established a sense of team spirit which enables them to concentrate not on internal conflicts but on new technology, product quality, customer needs and beating the competition. One of the reasons why I am an enthusiast for small firms is that the industrial relations disease is unknown in them. The real world of competition and cash flow is ever present and concentrates the mind wonderfully.

Technology suffers two other blows at the hands of the British: the upper class are snobbish about it, and the working class are sloppy about it. The quintessential English gentleman strolls over the grouse moor in his Burberry mackintosh. He does not peer down a microscope at a silicon chip, dressed in a white coat. This is because we are prisoners of the ghastly snobbery of old money. To make a fortune today is considered not nice; to inherit it from an Elizabethan ancestor is admirable. It ought to be the reverse.

The working class share the blame. As a kind of bloody-minded demonstration that they are not to be pushed around they spray graffiti in subways, scratch the walls of lifts, stub out cigarettes on carpets and build motor cars that leak and rattle. It is in some ways rather splendid that they should shake their fists at the world in this way but it does hinder the production of beautifully engineered products that will succeed in world markets.

Having said an unkind word about the upper class and the working class, let me round off with an unkind word about Government. I fully accept that Government has a key role in education and in scientific research, but I would urge it to keep its hands off industry. When Govern-

ment intervenes its actions usually have the effect opposite to that intended. They are therefore likely to have a beneficial effect only when the Government sets out to do the wrong thing.

Changes of attitude are needed towards both science and technology. But as well as having excellent pure science, and excellent technology in industry, we must build effective links between the two. There are several ways this can be done. The Cambridge Science Park (an initiative of Trinity College, Cambridge) has been a conspicuous success as a nursery for high technology companies spinning out of the university. Universities and colleges are having increasing success in attracting commercial funds for research projects, teaching programmes and scholarships.

This is all good but more could be done. The terms of employment of academic staff should positively encourage them to take on serious industrial consultancy, and alternate between academic and business careers. The major universities should all have business schools. It is, for example, a disgrace that Cambridge University has no fully-fledged school of business studies. There should be more short mid-career courses at universities and colleges during vacations. Everything possible should be done to foster links between universities and business—and University Grants Committee monies should be withheld from universities that fail to exert themselves in this direction.

To summarize, we need spark, fuse and explosive. We need the spark of excellence in pure science. We need links with the world to carry that spark, like a fuse. If we have the right attitudes in industry, that spark of excellence can create an explosive growth of enterprise, wealth and jobs.

And, a suggestion to Prince Charles. He should borrow £30,000 from the bank and start a technology-based business. He would set a good example.

Prince Charles
should borrow
£30,000 and start
his own
technology-based
business.

5 PASSWORD ENTHUSIASM



JULIA CLEVERDON,
education director of the
Industrial Society, explains
why schools should foster
enterprise.

as a mirror of society—had a powerful hand in the decline.

The educational system was designed to sift out the academic talent and to spit out the rest: it had three hallmarks. It was academically biased, to the detriment of the majority; it was culturally divisive between the arts and the sciences: "Yesterday I couldn't spell engineer, today I am one"; and it was profoundly antipathetic to industry.

Comprehensive education has brought some antidote to academic elitism but still fails to motivate or be found relevant by too large a proportion of pupils. The fact that 50 per cent of students leave school as soon as they are able shows a low level of motivation and customer satisfaction with a product costing £16 billion a year—the biggest haemorrhage of unskilled 16-year-olds in any European country.

Does this mean that we must inevitably sink to the fourth-class power the Prince of Wales fears? He is right to underline the importance of a community action plan; it is through communities and enthusiasts that we will succeed. There has been in the past much hurling of cannon balls over the garden fence between education and the community it serves. "They can't spell, can't do fractions, won't take responsibility, and look like ragamuffins on the bus" say industrialists and others. Education retorts: "Why should we keep in prefect structures to produce your bully-boys? We're not in the business of producing profit-fodder for you."

Industry Year in 1986 seems to mark a dawning realization that communities sink or swim together. As Alex Smith of Manchester University remarked, "The young are the trustees of posterity. Their future is worth some joint action."

It is the joint projects in communities which give hope that all is not hopeless. The Youth Training Schemes run by companies which have taken over the training of one million 16-year-olds in the last few years, with an 80 per cent "satisfaction" rating by the trainees, the schools/industry-link examples, and the new initiatives in education add a more technical and vocational flavour to the curriculum.

Communities like Peterborough have concentrated on the systematic

secondment of teachers to local companies so that they can share experience, gain an understanding of the industrial world and collect relevant material to use in classrooms.

Behind most of these community projects with education lies an enthusiast. We must seek out the enthusiasts who already exist in schools, companies or communities who can help to achieve results.

If change in education and training can be brought to communities by enthusiasts, what vision should inspire them? What will society need from its education and training system by the end of the 20th century?

It will need people who are motivated to make a contribution to their community through a patchwork pattern of paid employment and employment without pay. People will work on the 35 rule—i.e. working for 35 years of their life, 35 hours a week, 35 weeks of the year, not the 45 rule as in the past. People will have more leisure, more responsibility for their own development and more need for retraining, reskilling and swinging the points on their own railway tracks.

British industry will be divided into whales, salmon and minnows. Technological whales will need highly-trained brains who can solve problems and work in teams, but will not need hewers of wood. We must

encourage greater promotion of technological, engineering and computer skills in schools, and girls form the untapped pool of talent. We must move to a "core curriculum" which reduces choice and recognizes that "molecular crunchers" of the next century would come just as probably from arts as from science graduates.

"Service salmon" in the service sector will need those who can see service not as upstairs-downstairs servitude but who can say "have a

nice day, dear" without gritting their teeth. We must encourage young people to increase their personal confidence and selling skills and develop their understanding of the world of service, customers and competition. Learning by doing is the key. We will need those who get co-operation from their fellows. Leadership skills will be at a premium—one of the largest high street stores has doubled its team leaders from 2,000 to 4,000 in the last two years.

Enterprising minnows—people who have the get-up-and-go skills to make work for themselves and others—need particular nurturing. Entrepreneurs who have that spirit of determined individuality have in the past got little from school. Enterprise skills and risk-taking opportunities need to be built into the bloodstream of schools where enterprise projects abound. "Do not enter—boys developing" was the notice on the door of a school-enterprise project which was running its own photographic service to students and the community. Tuck shops and discos, charity walks and sponsored swims all give students and teachers opportunities to practise balancing the books.

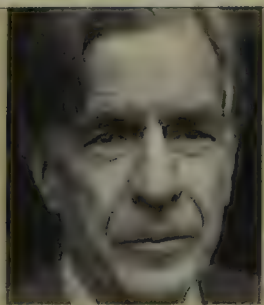
All these projects need the interest, commitment and action of enthusiasts and communities. If the Prince of Wales has a nightmare, one can also see a dream. The difference

between the two is our ability to take practical action in our own communities to make the dream a reality.

Neville Shute, writing in *The Ruined City* in the 1930s, sets out the reasons for action: "I believe that the cure is for somebody to buckle to and make a job for three people . . . There is no dignity or decency today for people that have not got a job. All other things depend on work today. Without work, people are utterly ruined."

Industry Year
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realization that
communities sink
or swim together.

6 CO-OPERATE OR DECLINE



J. K. GALBRAITH,
US economist and author,
deplores *laissez-faire*
government and archaic
labour relations.

I do not react strongly when someone tells me that American or British power is in decline. I am not impressed by the rewards of the use of American power in the Third World in these last years. It was one of the more brilliant exercises in public intelligence when, 40 years ago, the British people and government recognized that the age of imperialism was over and with no slight wisdom, tact and grace acted accordingly.

I do, however, react adversely to the thought that Britain or any other country should accept, as inevitable, economic decline. Let no one settle for a fourth-rate employment record, a fourth-rate standard of living.

The steps to insure against this are difficult but not deep in mystery. First there must be a forthright rejection of the belief, more accurately the faith, going back to French philosophers in the court of Louis XVI, that God and a natural law ensure that if things are left alone all will work out well in the end. *Laissez-faire, laissez-passer*. In the absence of strong affirmative public action things can as well get worse as better. This, indeed, was the lesson of the Great Depression. Additionally, among all the doctrines that must be resisted is the truly ridiculous notion that in hardship there is a slimming-down process that makes

industry more efficient. Of dim analogies, that which identifies British industry with an overweight prize-fighter is the worst.

As to the positive action, the first is to lower the price of investment by rejecting fully and completely monetarist restraint operating through high interest rates. Nothing in our time has made so little overall economic sense for people as a whole as the encouragement of higher income consumption through tax concessions for the affluent and the penalizing of efficiency-producing investment by high interest rates. A policy designed to benefit those with money to lend and money to spend has been given a cloak of fraudulent economic virtue, blessed additionally by the eloquence of Professor Milton Friedman. Its monument is the industrial decay that is so evident to the British—and American—eye.

The next needed step is to recognize that government has a strong affirmative role both in rehabilitating and restructuring older industry and also in investing, and encouraging investment, in newer industry, not excluding service industries and the arts. (The latter, let it be noted, are on the cutting edge of modern economic development. Beyond physical things are enjoyments and beyond engineering is good design.) Such government intervention is not a simple thing. Intelligence must be combined with a vigorous acceptance of risk—and of more than occasional failure. The Japanese have shown nonetheless it is both possible and useful.

Government support to industry must extend to colleges and universities. Nothing is more distressing, or should be more distressing, to all in Britain, than the evident surrender in these past years of her educational pre-eminence—leadership. Education is extraordinarily functional in our time.

In the last 40 years two of the spectacular success stories on the world economic scene have been Japan and the Federal Republic of Germany. Both were on the losing side of a war; both ever since have had relatively small military expenditures. Japan's has been minuscule. Resources which in the United

States and Britain have been going to sterile military use have gone in Japan and Germany to improve civilian industry.

Britain should now cut back sharply on military spending. There is no longer an empire to defend, not even Hong Kong, only the Falklands which seem not to be in grave danger now. I do not think that the Soviet Union, troubled by its own allies and by their and its own economic performances, wants responsibility for western Europe. But be that as it may, British military power is not a deterrent factor and force. I would have Britain stay in Nato; it has symbolic value, and meetings of the Nato Council have shown themselves not to be intellectually taxing. For all other military expenditure I would retract sharply. This will not escape American attention. One index of success on this matter will be the screams of unfocused anguish from the US Defence Secretary Caspar Weinberger.

At a slightly less heroic level, I would urge continued care for and attention to the British countryside and environment generally and continued concern if not to enlarge, then to make more efficient, the public and social services. All are an important, indeed vital, part of the standard of living that it is the present purpose to protect and improve. I have taught at both Cambridges—Cambridge, England and Cambridge in New England. The pay is better in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The medical care, housing, parkland, playground, the BBC, British Rail and other necessities and amenities are better in Cambridge, England. I have often thought as a consequence that my Cambridge University standard of living, fully considered, was as high as, maybe higher than, that of Harvard.

Finally I come to the most difficult matter, one on which it is far easier to prescribe than to get action. That concerns labour/management relations. In the United States and Britain we

have on this matter lagged far behind the other industrial nations. Modern industry requires a co-operative relationship throughout the enterprise. Avoidance of inflation requires that wage negotiations be within the framework of existing prices, and that they not be forced therein by unemployment, idle capacity and other astringent government action.

In the English-speaking countries we still relish the old command relationship between management and labour. We still assume that class solidarity is best revealed by a substantial and suitably articulate showing of antagonism and antipathy. And above all we continue to believe that wage/price inflation is best contained not by the acceptance of sensible restraints by both sides—a prices and incomes policy—but rather by the force of unemployment and associated hardship and stagnation first mentioned.

I have said that progress here will be difficult—the most difficult of the several steps upwards that I have suggested. But other countries—Austria, Japan and in substantial measure Switzerland, West Germany and Scandinavia—have made the transition to what can only be called a modern labour/management relationship with associated concern for price stability. In the English-speaking world we unquestionably enjoy our archaic conflict. We must one day soon recognize its cost.

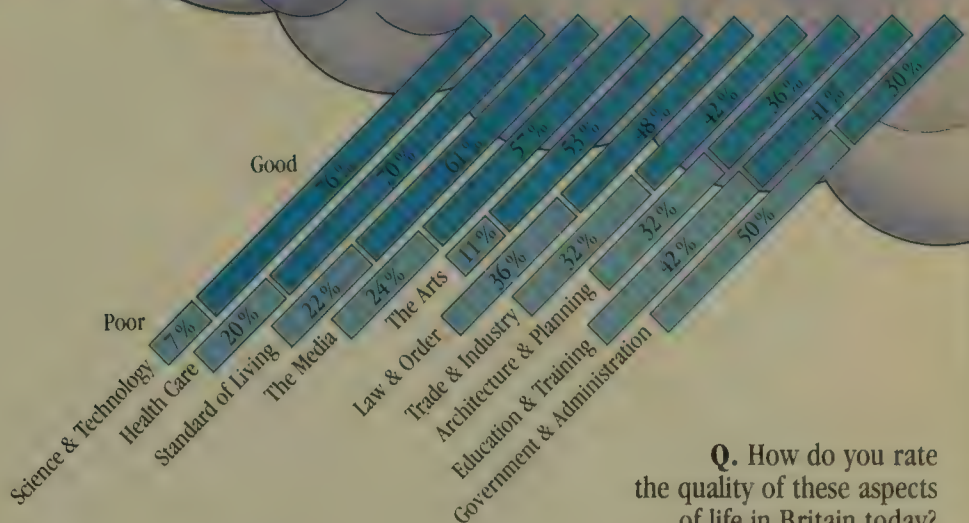
There are other steps that I might urge. Were I a British Cabinet Minister in a suitably pragmatic government I would in the secrecy of some Cabinet session urge co-operative steps with the other great oil-producing countries to control production, stabilize oil prices and, by so doing, also extend by a little the life of the North Sea fields. But my other

suggestions are the essentials. There is no reason for the present despair unless the conviction continues that all improvement can safely be left to the wholly imagined beneficence of *laissez-faire*, natural law and the market.

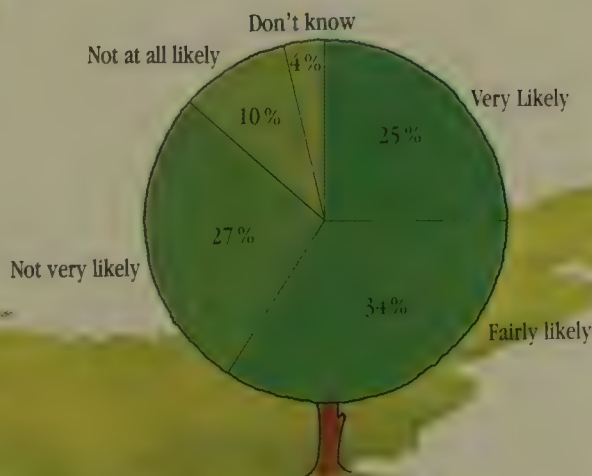
Nothing is more
distressing than the
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FOURTH-RATE BRITAIN OPINION POLL

Majority share Prince Charles's concern, but like the quality of life.



Q. How do you rate the quality of these aspects of life in Britain today?



Q. How likely do you think it is that Britain will end up as a fourth-rate country?

A majority of Britons share with Prince Charles the fear that, unless we introduce a sense of urgency into the regeneration of industry and enterprise, Britain will end up a fourth-rate country. According to a poll carried out for the *ILN* by MORI, 59 per cent of those questioned thought that this was very or fairly likely to happen, whereas 36 per cent thought it was not very or not at all likely. At the same time most people feel that quality of life in Britain is pretty good, though many have reservations about our current standards of education and training, and in particular about how the country is run.

Support for Prince Charles's proposition was stronger among older people and women than it was among men and the young, who tend to take a more optimistic view. A total of 61 per cent of women think Prince Charles is probably right, as do more than two-thirds of people over 55, whereas among men the proportion is 56 per cent and in the youngest age group of 16-24, only 43 per cent. Young people thus seem to look forward to the country's future with rather more confidence than their elders, and indeed than their future king—though it has to be said that their opinion seems to change quite quickly as they grow older. The majority of those in the next age group (25-34) agree with Prince Charles. Among the social grades the

middle-class ABC1 group are almost twice as optimistic about the future as those in the C2, D and E groups.

Half the people interviewed were asked the question about the likelihood of Britain ending up as a fourth-rate nation without the quotation being identified. The other half were told that it was Prince Charles who was being quoted, and this had the effect of noticeably increasing the level of support for this view, particularly among women and the old. Among all respondents the proportion of those agreeing that fourth-rate nation status was likely rose from 56 per cent to 61 per cent, among women from 57 per cent to 65 per cent, and among men and women over 65 from 59 per cent to 70 per cent.

In addition to being asked about the danger of Britain becoming a fourth-rate nation, the people MORI interviewed, who were a representative quota sample of 2,011 adults aged 15 plus taken across the country between February 22-26 at 177 points, were also asked to comment on the quality of life in Britain today in 10 specified areas of activity. From this it emerged that a high proportion of people (76 per cent) believe that science and technology rate particularly well, and that health care, the national standard of living and even the media are also rated highly. Government and administration,

on the other hand, are given a fairly resounding vote of no confidence.

Among all respondents only 30 per cent think that the quality of government and administration is any good. 50 per cent think it is poor and 18 per cent withheld specific judgment, saying that it was neither good nor poor. A further 3 per cent were don't knows. The most critical groups were the unemployed and trade union members (though 21 per cent of the latter professed themselves fairly satisfied with the way the country is run), the under 35s, and the people of Scotland and the north.

Unhappiness about the way the country is run has not generally contaminated other aspects of the British way of life. Most people believe, for example, that their living standards are good, and this applies virtually across the board—male and female, all ages, social classes, trade unionists, and people in all parts of the country. The rural areas are particularly pleased with their standard of life (72 per cent describe it as very or fairly good), and so, rather more surprisingly, are older people, including old-age pensioners (67 per cent of whom think their living standards are good).

Science and technology win widespread approval. 76 per cent of all respondents believe that the quality of science and technology in Britain is good, and

only 7 per cent think it poor.

Almost equally favoured is health care, which 70 per cent think is good. Women, who tend because of children to be greater users of the health services, show a higher rate of appreciation than men, but there is a considerable difference in attitudes among the classes, with the lower groups almost twice as likely as the upper AB groups to rate the health service as poor. But overall the nation's standard of health care wins popular approval—as do (with rather more reservations) the media, the arts, law and order, and trade and industry. Each of these categories have been rated more good than bad, though the arts evidently cause the public some uncertainty (15 per cent are don't knows, 20 per cent rate the arts neither good nor bad).

Architecture also prompts public unease—the respondents are evenly balanced in rating it good and poor, though 11 per cent condemn it as very poor, compared with 4 per cent who are prepared to praise it as very good.

Education joins government in receiving a negative rating overall—41 per cent seeing it as generally good but 42 per cent as generally poor. Only the young take a more optimistic view—48 per cent of the 16-24 age group record education as good and 35 per cent as poor. ©MORI

ROYAL SALUTE

To celebrate the Queen's 60th birthday, Norman St John-Stevass assesses the achievements of her reign, and we present some highlights of her life in pictures.

On April 21 this year Her Majesty the Queen passes another major milestone, the diamond celebration of the anniversary of her birth. She will commemorate the event with what she enjoys most, a private family party with her husband, her mother, her sister, her children and her grandchildren, but there will be public celebrations as well. For the monarch the official *persona* can never be wholly separated from the individual behind it.

Thirty-four years have passed since that bleak February day in 1952 when the uncrowned Queen flew grief-stricken into London from Kenya, mourning her beloved father, but resolute in her determination to follow his example, take up the burden of sovereignty and do her duty.

How fares the British monarchy—the institution which with the single exception of the papacy is the most venerable of the western world—after her long stewardship? The answer is clear and resounding. The monarchy is stronger, more stable, more popular and more appreciated than at any previous time in our history. That is the measure of the Queen's achievement.

And it is her achievement. The monarchical institution is of its very



Left, the baby Princess Elizabeth in 1926 with her parents, the then Duke and Duchess of York. Top, at the Richmond Horse Show in 1934 and, above, at her father King George VI's coronation at Westminster Abbey in 1937 she sits (in front, between her grandmother, Queen Mary, and sister, Princess Margaret.

essence personal and the Queen's character is the foundation on which it has been built in our time. It is astonishing that in all her long reign she has never put a foot wrong. That can truthfully be said of very few others in public life. Her subjects, the vast majority of whom, of course, have never met her, have a clear, etched-in idea of what their sovereign is like. This is partly due to the unprecedented attention she has received from Press and television but much more to the simplicity and integrity of her own character, which is cast rather than developed. She is dedicated, disciplined, self-controlled, hard-working, honest and uncomplicated. She always tells the truth. Devotion is alien to her. No wonder she is revered and respected throughout Britain for these are the very qualities which the nation upholds and honours.

People sometimes mistakenly comment that the Queen is shy. No one who has had any dealings with her could assent to that. She is something rather different: reticent and reserved and unwilling to display her innermost feelings. Interviews are not granted; questions are not welcome. Her capacity for work and application are astonishing. ➔



→ When I was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster making a northern visit with her, with typical kindness and consideration she asked me to travel with her on the royal train. Returning on it to London 10 hours later after a gruelling day the entourage had collapsed, but not the Queen. "How do you do it, Ma'am?" was my query, and the answer was equally short: "I suppose I was brought up to it." Tours, visits, banquets, investitures tread on one another's heels but she is also relentlessly pursued by the red boxes packed with documents which she must sign or read if she is effectively to exercise the three constitutional rights that Bagehot in the last century thought most important: "the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn."

The Queen's straightforwardness is well known to all who serve her. It illuminates the small change of court daily life and at moments of crisis gives her both strength and authority. No sooner had she acceded to the throne than she was asked what name she would take. The answer was unhesitating. "My own, of course; what else?" The Queen does not indulge in vapid small talk, she

interests herself in the person she is talking to, but does not welcome being drawn outside her normal range. Unfamiliar ideas like unfamiliar objects disturb her. She is neither vain nor proud, but in any situation she is always the Queen.

Her courage is equally evident. She dislikes security restrictions. A Reaganite existence would not suit her. When she was shot at, during the Trooping the Colour in 1981, from a gun she had no idea was loaded with blanks, she neither panicked nor trembled but steadied her horse and continued on her way. The one concession she made to the incident was a brief backward glance to Prince Philip to satisfy herself that he was safe and to reassure him that she had not been hurt.

The Queen is cool and keeps her head in a crisis. She showed that plainly enough the following year when she awoke in the morning and found an intruder at the bottom of her bed. She neither shouted nor screamed but engaged him in a soothing conversation. When he demanded a cigarette she saw her chance and on the pretext of fetching him one escaped from the room. Her two telephone calls to →



Far left, Princess Elizabeth with her family at Buckingham Palace, shortly before her marriage to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten and, centre, leaving Westminster Abbey after their wedding on November 20, 1947. Below, dancing in Ottawa during their 1951 Canadian tour.



Left, arriving at London airport from Kenya in February, 1952 on the death of her father, King George VI, and, above, at his lying-in-state with her mother and grandmother.



the palace operator brought no response—"she sounded so calm".

The quality which most characterizes the Queen is her fairness. She gives everyone, however tiresome, their due. She is the head of a large family with members of very different outlooks and clashing temperaments. Because everyone knows that they will get justice from the Queen her arbitration is fully and freely accepted. She bears no taint of colour prejudice, which is one reason why she has been so successful as Head of the Commonwealth. Leaders, white, brown, or black find themselves listened to with attention, understanding and respect and addressed—rare privilege—by their first names.

By nature the Queen is deeply but simply and unostentatiously religious. She has a taste for pageantry but not for theology or extravagant ritual. Being embraced during a religious ceremony does not appeal to her. All this suits her people well, they have similar reactions. She takes her position as Supreme Governor of the Church of England very seriously, hence her doubts about the wisdom of Prince Charles attending a private mass in the Vatican, but she



Top, left to right: on her way to open Parliament in November, 1952; during the Investiture of the Prince of Wales at Caernarvon Castle, July 1, 1969; on Jubilee Day, June 7, 1977. Left, with Prince Charles at the polo, Smith's Lawn, in July, 1985, and above, a family portrait after his marriage to Lady Diana Spencer on July 29, 1981.

is as free from religious as she is from racial prejudice.

One major contribution which the Queen, encouraged by Prince Philip, has made to the monarchy has been its modernization. By judicious changes she has brought it up to date. The snobbish and pretentious presentation of debutantes has been done away with, so have the social garden parties of her youth. Today these meretricious functions are infested by mayors and similar worthies. The Press has had its tensions with the palace but it is thanks to the Queen that there is a press secretary and office at all. She has turned the bombed-out chapel of Buckingham Palace into the Queen's Gallery, where her treasures can be enjoyed by the public.

The Queen invented the walk-about: "I have to be seen to be believed," and were it not for the terrified caution of her advisers she would use this novel means of meeting her people much more. It was her idea to make the television film *The Royal Family* which turned out to be such a blockbuster, and she has encouraged the Prince and Princess of Wales to make use of the media—but not too often!



Top, at the races with the Amir of Bahrain during her Gulf tour of February, 1979. Above, being carried in a canoe by islanders of Tuvalu during a South Seas tour in October, 1982. Right, reviewing the Royal Regiment of Artillery, of which she is Captain-General, in Dormund, West Germany in May, 1984. Above right, in Nepal in February this year.



So far the Queen has known no fewer than eight Prime Ministers and thus has an unrivalled depth and variety of political experience on which to draw. Such expertise and knowledge may very well be useful in the near future. Should the next general election result in a hung parliament, with no single party commanding a clear majority, the Queen's prerogative of choosing a Prime Minister and possibly refusing one a dissolution would revive and come into play. She would take political and constitutional advice but in the end the choice would be hers.

Who has been her favourite Prime Minister? The Queen has never said, but there has been considerable speculation. Some have suggested that relations between the Queen and the present Prime Minister are strained. There is not the slightest evidence for this other than the endemic difficulty of having two stars in one production. The Queen admires Mrs Thatcher for her zealous hard work, and the Prime Minister, a passionate royalist, gives her unstinted loyalty. The royal lips are sealed and yet there is a persistent rumour that she had the softest spot

for Lord Wilson of Rievux. An unexpected choice—if true. Historically the relationship between British sovereigns and their heirs has from time to time been stormy. Queen Victoria was often not amused by Bertie's indiscretions, and King George V had a prickly relationship with the then Prince of Wales and had forebodings about his future. No such clouds mar the serene relationship between the Queen and Prince Charles. The Queen is devoted to her son and he to her. They respect each other's rather different qualities.

And what of the future? Will the Queen go on reigning throughout her lifetime? To which the best reply is "Why not?" Abdication is not a subject which is ever mentioned to the Queen. "It is simply not on the agenda." My hope is that it will long remain off it. As Britain moves into the troubled waters of the closing decades of the 20th century, beset by problems and perils both at home and abroad, we will need all the knowledge, experience and wisdom of our sovereign to keep the ship of state afloat and guide it onwards towards a safe harbour.



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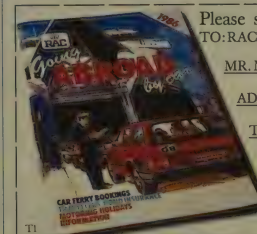
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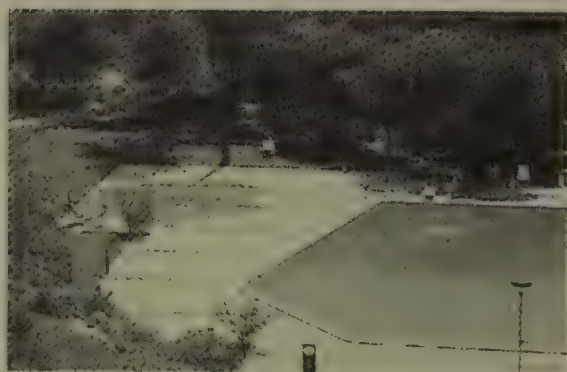
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THE TELEVISION REVOLUTION

BY RAYMOND SNODDY



RICHARD BORTHWICK

Direct broadcasting by satellite is due to start in Europe in August. Enthusiasts like Richard Borthwick, above, are already "eavesdropping" on these transmissions from space.

Richard Borthwick of Ealing is a television addict. He has sets in the kitchen, bedroom, office and front room and it can only be a matter of time before one makes its way into his bathroom. His sets are wired so that they can all be serviced by a single video recorder and he has erected a rotating aerial on his roof to improve the quality of his picture

and to add Central and Television South to his normal London ITV stations.

Whether he knew it or not Richard Borthwick, the 22-year-old publisher of a pop magazine, *Chart Beat*, was a customer waiting for the satellite television revolution to dawn.

When he heard rumours that ➤➤➤

»→ DER, the television rental company, was planning to rent satellite dishes which provide at least 17 extra channels of television, 12 of them broadcast in English, from two satellites 22,500 miles above the earth, he placed an order. With the 1.5 metre dish now installed at the bottom of his garden, Richard has been watching film channels Premiere and MirrorVision, CNN (the 24 hours a day news channel from America), Music Box (the pop music channel) and Screen Sport.

"Initially satellite television ruined my life. Television used to be like an alarm clock—when it went off I went to bed. Now it doesn't go off," said Richard who has ordered a motorized satellite dish from DER so that, without having to go into the garden and move the dish, he can align it precisely with each of the two main satellites, Intelsat 5 and ECS 1, as well as with others in the sky such as the Russian satellite Gorizont.

In the US more than a million homes now have their own satellite receiving equipment. A dish with an unobstructed view of the southern sky can receive more than 100 television channels and 40 radio stations. The new media revolution has been more modest so far in Europe although five million homes already receive satellite television channels through the cable networks.

In August the first of Europe's direct broadcasting by satellite (DBS) satellites is due to be launched on the European rocket Ariane. This will transmit four new channels from space direct to dish aerials little bigger than large dinner plates. Later in the year the French DBS satellite TDF-1 is to be launched with another four channels including an English language channel provided by newspaper publisher Robert Maxwell. It will be received in the UK on 0.6 metre dishes as far north as Liverpool. By next year another international satellite providing multi-language programmes from Luxembourg is expected.

The flurry of activity in space will add to the existing channels already being beamed down from the two low-power telecommunications satellites Intelsat 5 and ECS 1. Their programmes are intended for transmission on the cable television networks although there is nothing to stop "eavesdroppers" such as Richard Borthwick putting up 1.2 metre to 1.8 metre dishes and receiving them. So far only Rupert Murdoch's Sky Channel has a scrambled picture which needs a special converter.

The new medium is seen by European governments as more than just extra entertainment. The hope is that it will become a sunrise industry

boosting the consumer electronics industry, creating new, highly skilled jobs and providing a new, sophisticated communications network.

Nowhere were the hopes higher than in the UK in 1982 when Kenneth Baker, the then Minister for Information Technology at the Department of Trade and Industry, unveiled his dream of cable being the electronic highway of the future, carrying data for business and interactive (two-way) services for the consumer such as home banking and home shopping.

This future has however been seriously delayed in the UK. Lack of direct financial support from the Government—in marked contrast to France and West Germany—and the effect of phasing out capital allowances for equipment has had a disastrous effect on the development of cable. Only seven of the first 11 franchises awarded by the Government at breakneck speed in November, 1983, have managed to launch a service and the Cable Authority, the industry's regulatory body, has virtually stopped advertising new franchises for the moment because of the difficulty of raising finance.

The statistics make bleak reading. Last year the total number of homes able to receive cable rose by more than 40 per cent to 976,671. But the number of homes actually connected was 3 per cent down at 126,262, giving a cable penetration rate of 12.9 per cent.

DBS has fared even worse in Britain. While the French and Germans built their satellites with heavy public subsidies, the British Government was adamant that public money should not be involved and insisted that a vastly expensive British satellite system should be used. The DBS consortium, made up of the BBC, all the ITV companies and five non-broadcasting organizations led by Thorn EMI, last year refused to shoulder the financial risks of launching a £500 million project without even the commercial freedom to go to tender for their satellites.

Now the Government is once again trying to find companies willing to create three DBS channels for Britain—and is at last offering greater commercial freedom. In February it dropped its insistence on using a British satellite. But the delay means that an Irish DBS satellite is likely to be beaming five channels of television over most of the UK long before a British DBS service begins.

The Government did however take one significant step forward last year. The public were given the right to receive satellite television via satellite dishes provided they bought a £10 licence from the Department of Trade and Industry.

SPACE AGE AERIALS

The market for dish aerials is growing. Peter Gray of Satellite TV Antenna Systems in Staines, Middlesex, sells them for £995 plus VAT. He believes that, as with the video recorder, the price will start to tumble with mass production. A growing number of small companies and some of the Japanese majors such as NEC are now looking longingly at the home satellite dish market. They include Mike Stone's Satellite Technology Systems of Bristol, in which TV South has just invested £500,000. Another small new company Skyscan next month launches a motorized receiver at £1,200.

Rather like remote-controlled television the user can move the dish between the two main television satellites Intelsat 5 and ECS 1 without getting up from his armchair. The dish can be located anywhere outdoors provided it can be precisely aligned with the satellites and subject only to planning permission for dishes larger than 1.2 metres.

THE STATE OF CABLE

A communications revolution is slowly taking shape amid the discreet affluence of St John's Wood in the London borough of Westminster. Since last October what is claimed to be the most modern cable television system in the world has spread from street to street. With complex switches straight out of the research laboratories of British Telecom, it has the potential for two-way video telephone services, dialling the film of your choice from a videodisc library and home shopping and banking.

Westminster Cable franchise (of which St John's Wood is a part), one of the Government's new sophisticated cable franchises, is at present offering 10 new channels of television. These include three channels of films, general entertainment, children's and pop music channels, sports, leisure and the arts. In Janu-

ary an Arabic channel based on the programmes of Dubai Television was launched, aimed at the 3,000 Arabic speakers who live in the borough.

Michael Storey, general manager of Westminster, believes that cable can also solve mundane problems of security and reception. The company offers owners of apartment blocks a simple package that includes a video security system for their properties, a first-class conventional broadcast signal for BBC and ITV, and Sky Channel.

"We have started in St John's Wood and Maida Vale and will gradually spread south to the rest of Westminster," says Michael Storey. The aim is to cable the entire borough in three years at a cost of £40 million. He will not reveal the number of his subscribers until the business is six months old but claims penetration rates of 30 to 40 per cent should be possible and that "in central London there is a sustainable business".

Westminster is one of seven of the original 11 pilot franchises awarded in 1983 which have managed to get going so far. Croydon, south of London, has been laying cable since last summer and switched on its service last September. Since then more than 1,000 families have signed up and Croydon Cable is believed to have achieved a very respectable penetration rate of 29 per cent.

Under the shadow of Windsor Castle Windsor Cable went live on December 2, 1985, and had 70 subscribers by Christmas. Last year Windsor was delayed by financial difficulties and the uncertain outlook for cable. Then when it finally got going it faced a further delay because of a shortage of the switches needed to make the system work. By this month, Tim Halfhead, Windsor's sales and marketing director, expects to have more than 500 subscribers signed up.

The future of cable in the UK will to a great extent be decided in an area without a franchise yet: the City of London. Financiers and investors remain decidedly sceptical.

TOWARDS A SHARPER PICTURE

The television set in the corner of the sitting room used to draw families together like a magnet. But the way in which the set is used has been changing rapidly. Already the two-set television family is becoming the norm and 40 per cent of the popula-

tion use video recorders to "time shift" programmes, often using the fast forward device to skip through the advertisements. Film rental allows people to create their own programme schedules.

A few people can conduct home banking and place orders for shares through specially adapted viewdata television sets; millions more can call up information on the screen when they want it via the teletext service broadcast on spare lines in the television signal. The Japanese already sell digital television sets which allow you to freeze the television frame or to review the other channels without switching over. This is done by pulling them up on the screen in miniature form.

Now in the 50th-anniversary year of the launch of the world's first regular television service from Alexandra Palace in November, 1936, the race is on to introduce large flat-screen televisions which hang on the wall and deliver high-definition pictures as sharp as in the cinema.

FST television—flatter, squarer tubes—is already on the market and manufacturers hope it will become standard in the main industrial countries over the next two or three years, with conventional sets being sold as "budget" TVs. Matsushita, the Japanese electronics company best known for its Panasonic brand name, last year unveiled a prototype 10-inch colour set just 4 inches thick. All the major consumer electronics companies are competing to produce the first 22-inch flat-screen colour set.

The other big battle now shaping up is over high-definition television to provide a sharper and wider picture. In May the Japanese and the Americans will ask the CCIR (International Consultative Committee on RadioCommunications) to approve a single international standard based on 1125 lines (Britain has 625 at the moment) and 60 hertz compared to Europe's 50. Such a standard would render all existing broadcasting equipment useless.

Britain is lobbying hard for an evolutionary approach based on an "enhanced" picture that would be based on the 625 lines of the existing television set. The Independent Broadcasting Authority (IBA) has been demonstrating its enhanced picture in the past few months and believes such a service could be started by the end of the decade.

"It could be available on the first day on which a UK DBS satellite starts transmitting a public service," Tom Robson, director of engineering at the IBA, promised recently. He believes that full high definition television based on 1125 lines is unlikely to be commercially viable before the end of this century.

THE SATELLITE MOGULS

Rupert Murdoch saw the satellite revolution coming and is a leading member of the new breed of international media moguls. Sky, his general entertainment satellite channel, is already available to more than five million homes on Europe's cable networks. His media ambitions go far beyond Sky in Europe and *The Times* and *The Sun* in Wapping.

Last year he bought the studios of Twentieth Century-Fox and six major independent US television stations, including ones in New York, Washington and Los Angeles. His game plan in the US appears to be to try to put together what would effectively be a fourth American network and he felt strongly enough about this to give up his Australian citizenship to satisfy the US regulations.

There is a larger, long-term strategy—to use satellites to create a

global television empire. Its shadowy outlines were seen in a modest announcement made by Rupert Murdoch's News International last autumn. The company has set up a joint venture with the banking organization Groupe Bruxelles Lambert to study new projects in terrestrial and satellite television including DBS. Groupe Bruxelles Lambert is the main shareholder in Radio Télé Luxembourg and Rupert Murdoch has now linked up with Europe's leading private broadcasters.

Robert Maxwell, publisher of Mirror Group Newspapers, reached agreement last November to lease a satellite channel on the French direct broadcasting satellite TDF-1 due to be launched this November. He succeeded in persuading the French government to give him a channel on a new satellite heavily subsidized by the French taxpayer to run an English television service from space direct to small receiving dishes on individual homes.

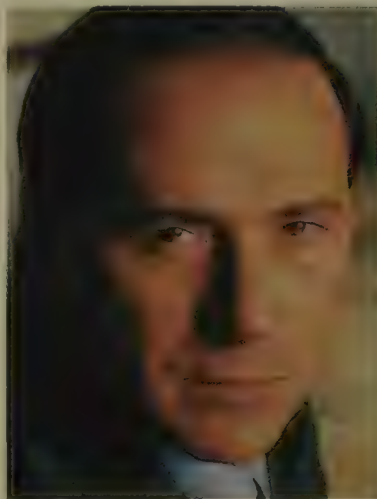
Robert Maxwell is already Britain's largest cable television operator and has his own film channel—MirrorVision. He plans to get launched into the world of international satellite television by promising to give the European public what it wants—something he believes Europe's

public service broadcasters fail to do.

The exclusive ranks of media moguls have also been joined by Silvio Berlusconi of Italy, a man who in five years has come from being a Milan property developer to being the owner of Italy's largest television empire. Silvio Berlusconi got round the Italian law which said that only the government-owned national broadcaster RAI could run a national network, by buying dozens of local television stations and running the same programmes on each. Motorcyclists were used to deliver videotapes to the stations.

The French government created a storm of protest when it awarded France's first commercial television licence to a Franco-Italian grouping dominated by Silvio Berlusconi and Jerome Seydoux, said to be one of the 10 richest men in France. Silvio Berlusconi, who like Robert Maxwell is also involved in French DBS, was not in the least put out by criticism that his idea of television is buying in old American soap operas. "We are not a Coca-Cola television station, nor a spaghetti one, but Beaujolais and perhaps champagne on Saturdays," he said.

Raymond Snoddy is media correspondent of the *Financial Times*.



Silvio Berlusconi.



Rupert Murdoch.



Robert Maxwell.

CHANNELS FROM SPACE

On Intelsat 5

PREMIERE Recent box office films. Rober Maxwell is taking over a controlling interest from Thorn-EMI which is getting rid of most of its cable and satellite interests.

MIRRORVISION Robert Maxwell's subscription film channel which has been competing with Premiere for cable viewers.

CHILDREN'S CHANNEL Eight hours a day of programmes specially aimed at children.

SCREEN SPORT Sport and leisure programmes. The

largest single shareholder is ESPN, the US cable sports network but stakes are also held by W. H. Smith and Ladbroke's. CNN Ted Turner's 24 hours a day news service from Atlanta. It showed the Shuttle disaster live.

On ECS 1

SKY CHANNEL Rupert Murdoch's general entertainment channel. Needs a decoder to be received by individual satellite owners.

MUSIC BOX 24 hours a day pop music. The Virgin Group has recently taken over control from Thorn-EMI.

EUROPA Broadcasting programmes from European Broadcasting Union members.

SAT 1 German-language general entertainment channel.

SAT 3 Programmes from a selection of German-language stations.

TV-5 Providing the best of television output from the francophone countries—the Canadians recently joined in.

RTL-PLUS General entertainment channel.

FILMNET ATN Dutch-owned, showing films and entertainment.

WORLDNET News and information programming from the US Information Agency.

WORLD PUBLIC NEWS Mainly US news.

NEW WORLD CHANNEL Mainly religious programmes.

RAI An Italian public broadcasting service channel.

On Gorizont, the Russian satellite. Russian television—ballet, ice hockey and news.



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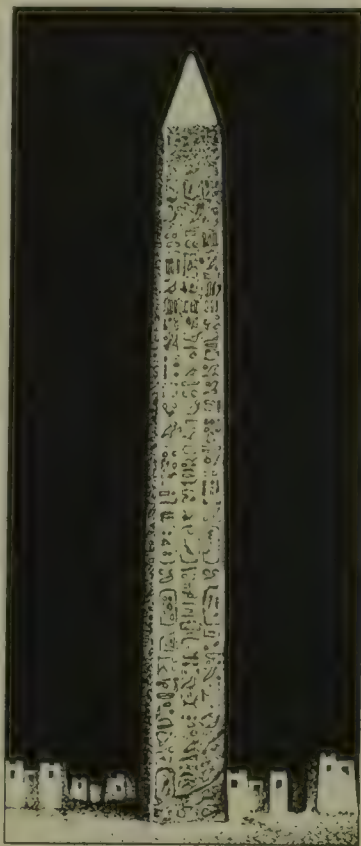
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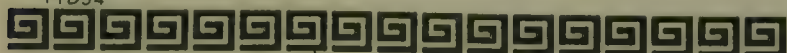
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TRAVEL

Scotland by train

David Tennant admires the wild and wonderful scenery of his native land from the comfort of the recently refurbished Royal Scotsman.

As departures go it was certainly different—and rather splendid. With the summer sun filtering through the glass roof and the stirring sound of bagpipes rising above the crescendo of the diesel locomotive, the elegant train with its plum and milk coloured carriages pulled away from the blue-carpeted platform to the admiring gazes of those awaiting more mundane transport at Edinburgh's Waverley Station. On board, relaxing over a glass or two of champagne and appetizing canapés in the saloon and observation cars, were a score of travellers—American, English, Scots and Canadians.

This was no ordinary British Rail service as we were outward bound on the northern itinerary of the Royal Scotsman, which last summer started operating two three-day-long "cruises"—that is the best word—through some of the most magnificent parts of Scotland. The train was our "home" throughout, providing amenities of a top-class hotel but with the informal and friendly ambience of a country house party. With a maximum of 28 passengers and seven carriages (plus another for the staff) there is ample room to move about.

This train is the brainchild of travel and leisure entrepreneurs Fergus Hobbs and Gerard Morgan-Grenville (his grandfather was the last chairman of the long-since vanished Caledonian Railway). It has been tastefully and thoughtfully designed to provide the best in luxury rail travel, recalling the elegance of Edwardian times. Quality and service have been given pride of place.

Although less opulent than the Venice Simplon-Orient-Express it is nevertheless quite delightful. The dining car, which seats 12 at six window tables, dates from 1891 and has been superbly restored after many decades in oblivion. Polished wood, spacious upholstered chairs, soft carpeting, flattering lighting, fresh flowers and fine linen, china, glassware and cutlery on every table, all radiate good taste. And the kitchen has been thoroughly modernized with up-to-date fittings.

Next to it is the saloon car built in 1912 for family travel—rich families that is, as there was a separate section for servants. Again beautifully restored and adapted, part is used for dining and the other section as a

reading and writing room. The observation car was adapted for its present use some 25 years ago and has been refurbished with a tiny "butler's pantry" now used as a bar. Its "wrap-around" rear windows give uninterrupted views.

The four sleeping cars have been completely rebuilt from former British Rail stock. Most splendid is the state car, four twin-bedded cabins each with an adjoining lavatory and shower. Next is the luxury twin car, again with two-berth compartments each with its own shower and lavatory. The standard twin-cabin and the single-cabin cars both have a couple of shower and toilet compartments, and a wash-basin in each cabin.

Throughout the train much attention has been given to small details that can make such a difference: quality towels and soap, bathrobes, fresh flowers in each cabin, a well stocked library and plenty of writing paper.

The train's general manager, Stephen Coupe, for several years ran the Cromlix House Hotel near Dunblane, which during his stewardship won several prizes. The excellence which he achieved there has been successfully translated to the train. Under him is a young and enthusiastic staff of seven whose superb standards of service were only exceeded by their courtesy and friendliness. The chef and his assistant provided some of the best meals I have ever eaten in my native Scotland—and I do not say that lightly. Imaginative but not excessively ambitious menus produced an amazing variety of beautifully presented dishes, many making use of local produce such as top-quality beef and lamb, fresh and salt-water fish (the salmon mousse was perfection) and Scottish cheeses.

Full board is provided, and includes afternoon tea and morning coffee. The wine list, while of necessity not extensive, was made up entirely of the finest vintages, and for those with a liking for Scotland's own favourite liquid product I counted at least 12 brands of whisky. All drinks are included, even champagne with breakfast if the mood takes you.

The train does not travel overnight, stopping instead in a quiet country station or at a secluded



PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL K. WARD

siding. On each itinerary trips by de luxe coach to places of interest are available with a highly knowledgeable guide who accompanies the train. But if you wish you can either stay on board or go off on your own.

The itineraries have been thoughtfully planned with just the right amount of travel each day. They start and finish at Edinburgh and can be combined into one six-day tour. The "Tour West" starts on a Tuesday afternoon and goes via Glasgow, Loch Lomond, the wild expanse of Rannoch Moor and into Fort William at the base of Ben Nevis. Here the diesel engine is replaced by a fine preserved steam locomotive (a 4-6-0 "Black Five" for the enthusiast) for the spectacular 42 mile run via Glenfinnan and Loch Shiel (Bonnie Prince Charlie country) to the fishing port of Mallaig with the Isle of Skye across the sound. You then retrace the route back via Fort William to Crianlarich for a side trip to Loch Awe and a short cruise on this beautiful stretch of water. The next day takes you to Oban for a visit to Ardhattachan Priory, one of Scotland's interesting smaller stately homes, and then skirting Glasgow and through Stirling to Perth and ancient Scone Palace where the kings of Scotland were crowned. The last night is spent at the village of Ladybank in Fife before returning to Edinburgh.

The "Tour North" heads out on a Friday from Edinburgh, crosses both the Forth and Tay Bridges, calls at Dundee and runs up the coastline to Aberdeen where a visit can be made to the city's art gallery. That night you stop at Keith, about 55 miles from the granite city, and visit the Glenisla distillery, the home of Chivas Regal whisky. Next day it is on to Elgin and then by coach to Cawdor Castle (the Earl of Cawdor's guide book is not to be missed, it is informative, witty and filled with

amusing titbits) and Culloden Moor, scene of the bloody defeat of the Jacobites under Prince Charles Edward Stuart in 1746. Rejoining the train at Inverness it proceeds west across Scotland, an area of wild beauty, to Kyle of Lochalsh with Skye only a few hundred yards away. The route home stops at Garve for a visit to Castle Leod, the 16th-century home of the Earl of Cromartie. And the final night on the train is spent at Boat of Garten with the Cairngorm Mountains providing a fine back-

drop, to arrive back in Edinburgh on the Monday morning.

Those taking the six-day tour have an additional excursion by coach from Ladybank, visiting St Andrews, Dundee and Glamis Castle, the Queen Mother's ancestral home and rejoin the train at Dundee.

Expensive these tours undoubtedly are but considering their overall excellence and the exclusivity of travelling in a private train for so comparatively few guests, they are by no means outrageous. I am not surprised that bookings last year far exceeded expectations, and reservations for this coming season are doing equally well ☺



As the Royal Scotsman makes its stately progress on little-used railway lines, its passengers live up to the elegance of their immediate surroundings.

The tours operate from mid April to mid October. The three-day itineraries cost between £950 and £1,210, the six-day £1,800 to £2,290, according to cabin, fully inclusive of everything except crew gratuities and insurance. The agents are Abercrombie & Kent who, in addition to their UK base, have offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Dallas, Johannesburg, Hong Kong and Nairobi. In Australia Thomas Cook act as agents and all the offices of Utell International also accept reservations.

Addresses: Abercrombie & Kent, Sloane Square House, Holbein Place, London SW1W 8NS (730 9600); Scottish Tourist Board, 23 Ravelston Terrace, Edinburgh EH4 3EU (031-332 2433) or 19 Cockspur Street, London SW1Y 5BL (930 8661).

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London Arts Number

A five part feature in the May issue looks at the state of the arts in the capital including how the museums, salerooms and dealers first came to

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Plus special reports on the salerooms; the big four museums and their aims; profile of a commercial gallery and a portfolio of artists working in London.

King of Spain's Visit

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ILN takes the opportunity to publish a comprehensive report on the newest member of the EEC.

Is Britain a 4th Rate Nation?

Following on from this month's major feature the May issue will contain a survey of expert reaction to the feature and to Prince Charles's suggestion that unless there is a change in attitudes, Britain is in danger of becoming a 4th rate nation.

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THE CREATOR OF EROS

BY RICHARD DORMENT

Cast in perfectionist mould, Alfred Gilbert experienced both fame and misfortune during his turbulent career 100 years ago. A major RA exhibition of his sculpture coincides with the return after 17 months of his much-loved statue Eros, cleaned and restored, to Piccadilly Circus.



On March 24 Londoners are to see the statue of Eros hoisted back onto its perch on the Shaftesbury Memorial in Piccadilly Circus, newly restored and re-sited, its dozen water jets activated properly for the first time since its unveiling in June, 1893. At the same time the work of its creator Alfred Gilbert (1854-1934) is being celebrated down the road at the Royal Academy.

Exhibitions of sculpture are notoriously difficult to bring off—most of the works, after all, are still *in situ* in parks, squares and churches, so that

the artist's finest statues are represented only by photographs. But Alfred Gilbert is different. He was as much goldsmith as sculptor, and very often one facet of his art overlapped the other.

The fascination of the Shaftesbury Memorial lies in its intricate detail and superb bronze casting. Gilbert did not intend his statue to be seen from a moving vehicle but (as is now possible) close to, where the base can be seen to be formed by chubby bronze putti wrestling with scaly flying fish, all tumbling over one another in high-spirited confusion.

Even the figure of Eros (whom Gilbert said was *not* Eros, the god of profane love, but his twin brother Anteros, deity of sacred or selfless love) must be appreciated as a masterful feat of casting. It is widely known that it is one of the first statues ever cast in aluminium—but this in itself presented no particular technical difficulties for the original founders. Rather, the complexity of the casting has caused amazement among the current restorers, Charles Henshaw & Sons of Edinburgh: each of the feathers of the god's flight wings Gilbert cast separately, then

soldered them together to form the wings. Such obsessive attention to detail is typical of the sculptor, for he knew as he worked that few would ever get close enough to see the incised and serrated wings.

The Memorial always needed a more intimate setting than Piccadilly Circus, and the exhibition at the Royal Academy explains why. ➤➤➤

Below, Eros during restoration. It is one of the first statues in aluminium, and the separate casting of each feather of the god's wings is typical of Gilbert's painstaking attention to detail.



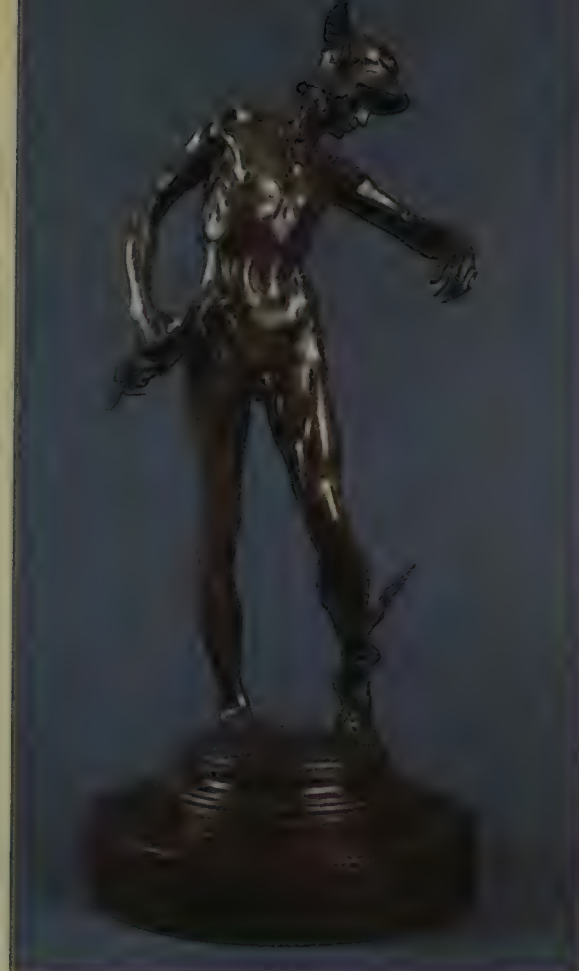
»→ Gilbert was an artist who worked best on a small scale, believing that to embellish constantly was to improve a work in hand. Thus the moment never came when a statue could be said to be completed, and indeed patrons found it almost impossible to secure a finished commission from Gilbert. But what he *did* finish is like nothing else in English art of his time—the 1880s and 1890s—when (in the phrase of a recent critic) exotic romanticism blossomed into high art.

On view is the statue of St Elizabeth of Hungary (1899), a miracle of polychromed bronze, inset with mother-of-pearl cabochons and shells, with beaten metal details and an ivory face. If one can imagine Carl Fabergé working alongside Aubrey Beardsley, *St Elizabeth of Hungary* might have been the result; she is the quintessence of the *fin de siècle* style in England. The statue is on loan from a parish church in Scotland, although Gilbert made it originally as one of 12 saints surrounding the tomb of Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the eldest son of Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra of Wales, who died in 1892. That the statue is available for exhibition is, one might say, an accident of history. Gilbert sold it to a dealer to raise money at a time when he was desperately short of cash, then placed on the tomb in the Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor a second, all-bronze cast.

Even with so extraordinary an object, visitors may have trouble visualizing the tomb itself, a huge onyx sarcophagus surmounted by a bronze and aluminium effigy of the Duke, crowned by a life-sized aluminium angel and attended by a weeping putto. But here again the Royal Academy has pulled a *coup* in restoring the long-lost polychromed plaster sketch model for the tomb, originally exhibited by Gilbert at the Royal Academy exhibition of 1894.

The history of this sketch model is in itself of interest. When the sculptor declared himself bankrupt in 1901, King Edward VII's equerry Sir Dighton Probyn bought the model from the bailiffs. For many years it stood in the church of St Mary Magdalene, Sandringham, as a second "household" monument to the Duke of Clarence. Then, around 1950, it was removed, crated and placed in an outhouse on the estate. There it remained, crumbling to powder. Only in 1983, and after an extensive search (aided by the memories of older workmen), was it rediscovered and restored for this exhibition.

The Clarence tomb figures form a bridge between the early bronzes, *Perseus Arming* (1882), *Icarus* (1884) and *Comedy and Tragedy* (1893), and the startling goldsmith works in silver, ivory and iridescent shell on view at the Academy. Occasionally one wonders how to classify an object such as the orna-



Above left, *Comedy and Tragedy* "sic vitae", 1893, bronze on marble base, height 14½ inches, National Gallery of Art, Washington DC; above right, *Perseus Arming*, 1882, bronze, height 14 inches, The Syndics of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; below, *St Elizabeth of Hungary*, 1899, bronze and ivory, height 21 inches.



mental bronze sword from the tomb of Prince Henry of Battenberg (1898) in the Church of St Mildred, Whippingham, Isle of Wight—is this decorative art, or are the loops and swirls of its Art Nouveau handle abstract sculpture? Likewise, the tomb cover on the Honourable Eustace Vesey, transported from Abbey-leix in Ireland to the Academy, is a riot of polychromed bronze inset with bright mosaic tesserae: this exhibition of sculpture is as colourful as many exhibitions of paintings.

The creator of all this was himself among the most colourful figures of his time: a natural genius, superbly trained in London, Paris and Rome, he conquered London in the 1880s before he was 40. But an obsessive quest for perfection led him to delay the finishing of works, and his method of work prevented him from allocating jobs to studio assistants, as was the practice with other Victorian sculptors. The productive years of his life are therefore short—roughly between 1885 and 1900—but in those years he produced some of the finest works of art of his age. After seeing this exhibition Londoners will never again take the Shaftesbury Memorial for granted, but may well find themselves echoing the judgment on Gilbert by his contemporary, the sculptor Sir William Goscombe John: "His work stands alone in our National Art." ○

Alfred Gilbert, Sculptor and Goldsmith is at the Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1, from March 21 to June 29, 1986. Richard Dormant is the author of *Alfred Gilbert*, Yale University Press, £19.95, and is organizer of the RA exhibition.

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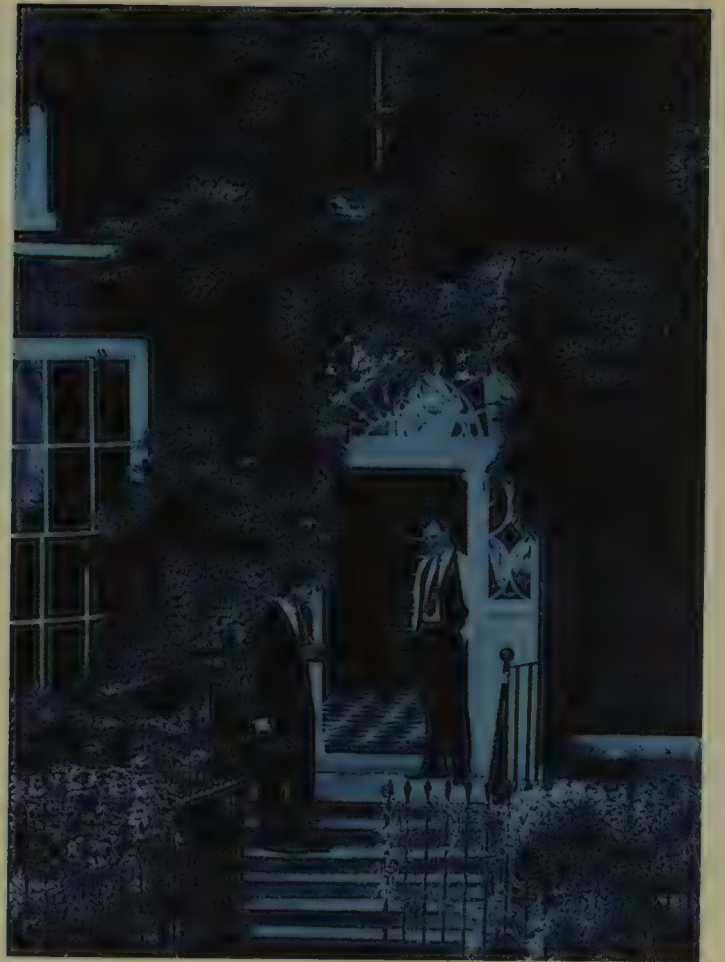


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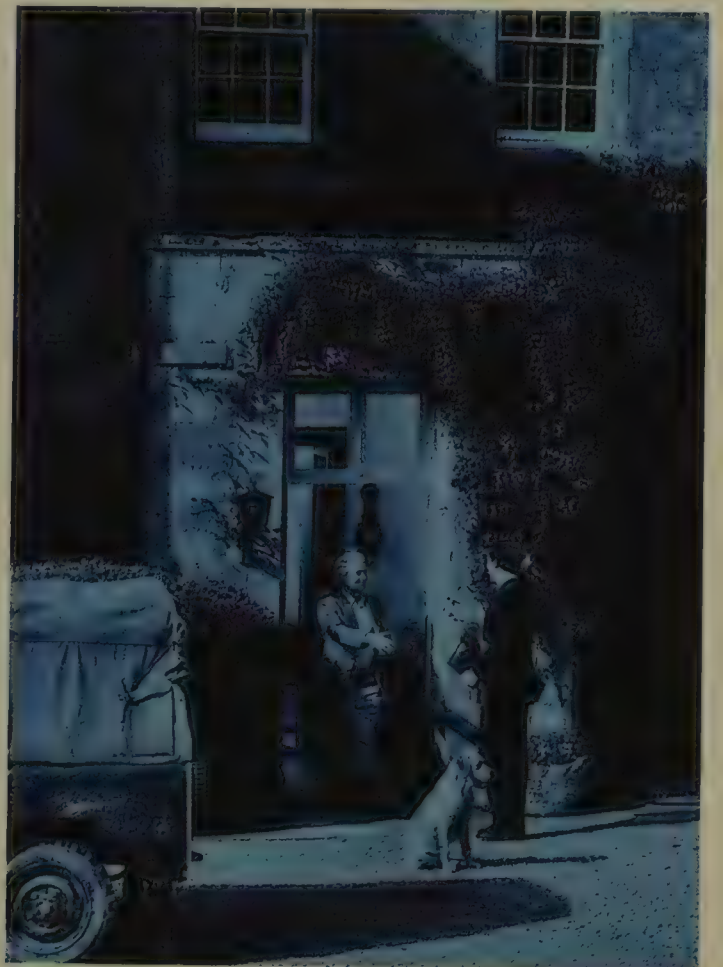


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ENCOUNTERS

with Roger Berthoud

A writer who achieves his goals



RIC GEMMELL

Biographers, like actors, have to think their way into other people's minds and allow their own to be partially invaded by their subject's. In the case of Peter Ackroyd, who is novelist and critic too, everything seems organized for maximum receptivity. Even his own childhood has been largely blanked out. He lives alone in a rather monastic flat off Gloucester Road, writing in the morning, researching at the British Museum or London Library in the afternoon, working on his journalistic reviews (TV, films, books) in the evening.

He becomes obsessed by a life: as with Oscar Wilde's, for his novel *The Last Testament of Oscar Wilde*; T. S. Eliot's, for his prize-winning biography; recently by that of Nicholas Hawksmoor, 18th-century architect, for his prize-winning novel *Hawksmoor*. The vessel fills up: he reads

Peter Ackroyd: after Wilde, Eliot and Hawksmoor, tuning in to Dickens.

fast, organizes material with skill. The great feat of sympathy and synthesis is achieved, the vessel emptied. He forgets the subject and moves on to the next. Now it's Charles Dickens, for another biography, and Thomas Chatterton, the doomed 18th-century poet-suicide beloved of the French Romantic poets, for another novel.

A spartan existence, it might seem, yet Ackroyd is a delightful and convivial bachelor of 36 who much enjoys the company of his literary friends. All his life, he said when we met, he had been working towards various goals. Of his early times as an only child brought up by his Roman Catholic mother and grandmother on an East Acton council estate he has few memories, but he thinks of it as a "perfectly ordinary" childhood.

From the local primary school he won a London County Council scholarship to St Benedict's in Ealing, then another scholarship to Cambridge, and finally—after gaining a double first in English—a Mellon Fellowship for two years at Yale.

There, for the first time, he had no targets or obligations. They gave him three rooms and paid the bills. So he worked on his first book, an unremembered study of modernism in the arts called *Notes for a New Culture*. Deciding on his return to become a journalist, he wrote to most of London's newspapers and magazines. George Gale, then editor of *The Spectator*, responded. By chance, its literary editor had just left. Untested though he was, Ackroyd got the job: "I owe a lot to George," he says. "He was the one

who put me on that path." He stayed at *The Spectator* until 1981, eventually as managing editor, producing a couple of volumes of poetry, a short biography of Ezra Pound and a novel called *The Great Fire of London* before leaving to write full-time.

His next book, the invented memoirs of Oscar Wilde, did well, especially abroad, with four translations. The Eliot biography was first envisaged as a shortish study like the Pound life, but even that was an act of foolhardiness, he soon realized, discovering belatedly that the poet had forbidden any biography, his widow Valerie would not co-operate, nor would Faber & Faber, Eliot's publishers and employers. Copyright being denied, there could be no quoting either.

"I faced the prospect of writing a book without any material," he recalled. "So I wrote to all the libraries

in the USA and Britain. Much to my astonishment many replied that they did indeed have letters. I went to Yale, Texas, Princeton and so on, and others sent me stuff through the mail. My ideas changed and I thought I would write a proper biography and get around the quoting ban by paraphrasing. Then I discovered that you aren't allowed to reproduce even the spirit of the text, so I had to paraphrase the paraphrase. The whole book was a nightmare in many ways, and I assumed it would be treated with faint praise by the critics. To my surprise it was taken seriously and won the Royal Society of Literature's William Heinemann prize and the Whitbread biography prize. It pleased me no end that I had written a proper book. I am always very nervous about what I have done..."

The idea for *Hawksmoor*, which interleaves in mock 18th-century prose the story of the eponymous architect with that of a 20th-century detective in today's less colourful verbiage, came to him the day before his target date for starting a new novel: support for his theory that the imagination responds to timetabling.

Now he is writing his novel, partly inspired by Chatterton's life, and researching Dickens, who is in almost every way the opposite of Eliot. It will be a five-year task, he suspects, since he feels obliged to read everything by and about the great Victorian, whose energy he enormously admires. He has even given his new companion, a cairn terrier puppy, the name of Dickens. It is indeed proving to be a prolific little fellow and a prey to sudden emotions, albeit not in quite the same way...

The two sides of women

In many of today's women there coexist, Mary Quant believes, an ambitious urban career girl and a softer, more romantic soul thinking of children and perhaps a home in the country. For the first, her own look has the right sort of boldness, while Laura Ashley products cater most obviously for the nostalgic, cottage or maternal side.

Her own career has fulfilled both sides of her nature. Few post-war British women can have risen to fame and success more swiftly than the Quant of the 60s, who invented the mini-skirt and made her shop Bazaar a focal point of the then famous King's Road, Chelsea. She had always been interested in clothes, and after attending 13 schools (thanks to wartime evacuations rather than any pranks) wanted to go to one of the fashion colleges. But her parents, both



JIMMY WORMER

teachers of Welsh origin, thought fashion too dicey. So she attended a general course at Goldsmiths' School of Art. There she met her husband Alexander Plunket Greene, who was (occasionally) studying illustration. In the evenings she often went to pattern-cutting classes.

Her parents, it transpired, had been right. "All the fashion schools were then teaching in a very rigid way," she recalled. "They sent students off to Paris to the couture collections and then expected them to regurgitate the designs for the fashion industry. I was lucky to escape that and to start designing things which I and people like me wanted to wear." That, famously, included the mini-skirt, elongated cardigans and tunic dresses: clothes to make ordinary girls feel chic yet comfortable. When Quant tights and cosmetics were added, it became logical to license out the retail side, selling Quant designs through department stores and other outlets and receiving a royalty on sales.

That has been the Quant way ever since. In 1970 ICI paid her a handsome fee to direct her (and her team's) attention to designs for the home: sheets, towels, carpets and so on. The timing was happy. She was contentedly pregnant with her son Orlando, and the national mood seemed to be turning inwards. "The 70s were a rather gloomy, introspective period, when women wore denims as a uniform or a sort of peasant fancy dress, and the only real attention went indoors to the house," she recalled.

Clothes picked up again as the 80s approached. "It's as though the 80s took over from where the 60s finished. There are no fashion rules now, but plenty of different looks and silhouettes, with loads of design choice. I think the silhouettes of the 80s have very much come from sports wear: ski clothes, leotards, leggings from dancers." That reflection prompted husband Alexander, who had been kippering us with a steady stream of Gauloise cigarette smoke, to point out that it had long been thus. The bowler hat and tails had

Mary Quant: the Japanese have taken over as her best customers.

both come from riding wear, for example.

The huge Japanese market has become increasingly important for the Quant operation. Retail turnover there is now three times higher, having overtaken the UK in 1983 when the Quant "shops-within-shops" opened in partnership with a Japanese company. There are now 75 of these in Japan, selling goods designed by the small Quant team at headquarters in Chelsea's northern reaches and manufactured either in Britain or Japan. Attention to detail there is terrific, she finds, and the Japanese are very design-conscious.

It perhaps reflects the distance she has moved spiritually from the King's Road that she finds much to admire in Japan. "They have brought together the most modern attitudes during the daytime, yet they revert to an almost medieval way of life in the evening," she said. Young Japanese women have become emancipated without being aggressive about it, though when they marry they tend to revert to their subservient role. Not surprisingly, they are marrying later. Their homes, so stylishly uncluttered, have made her rethink how small spaces can be used for living, and there she has learnt to appreciate ritual.

Since 1982 she has re-entered the ready-to-wear market with dresses, knitwear, skirts, blouses and so on, made under licence to Quant designs. She loves her work, but not at the expense of home, a 1920s folly near Guildford where an eccentric great aunt had lived. She and her husband commute to London each day, and at weekends she applies her creative talents with increasing passion to the 3 acre garden. Son Orlando, now 15, is at Bryanston, his father's old school, and also, incidentally, Terence Conran's. For all her success she still feels (and seems) a shy person, but a fulfilled one; yet being a youthful-looking 51, she doubtless has new worlds to conquer ○



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Messenger to Uranus

Patrick Moore reports from Pasadena on Voyager 2's latest encounter

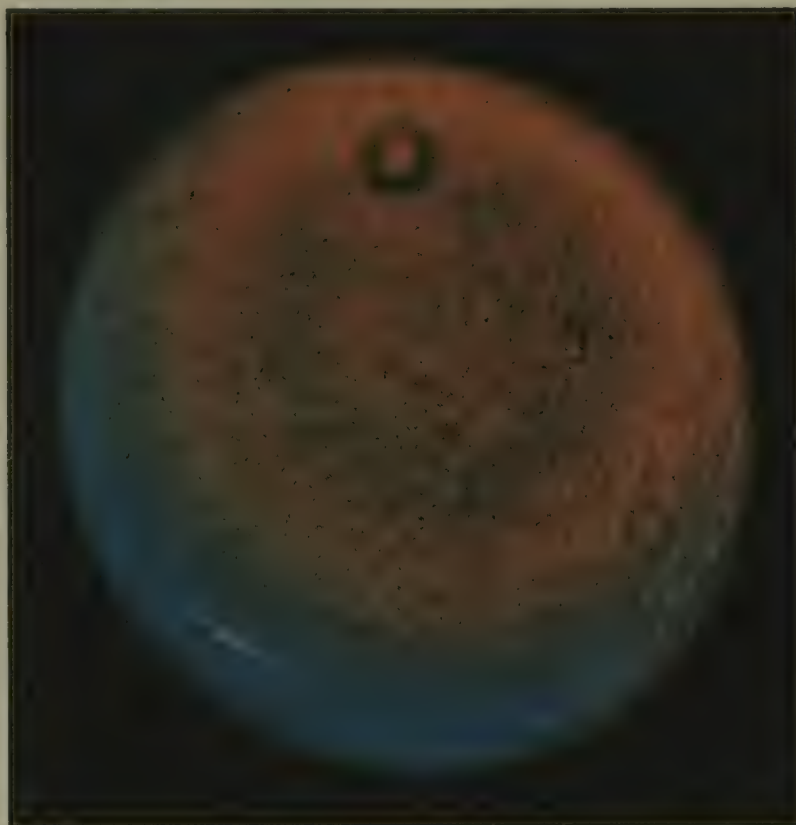
Far beyond Saturn, the outermost member of the Sun's family known in ancient times, there moves the strange green planet Uranus. It was discovered in 1781 by the then-unknown amateur astronomer William Herschel; it is just visible with the naked eye if you know where to look, but it seems exactly like a dim star, and no Earth-based telescope will show anything definite upon its tiny disk. Uranus takes 84 years to complete one journey round the Sun, moving at an average distance from the Sun of more than 1,780 million miles.

Uranus is a giant world, more than 30,000 miles in diameter, but it is not in the least like Earth. It may have a solid core, but much of it is liquid—largely melted water ice, together with dissolved ammonia—and it has a deep atmosphere, made up chiefly of the lightest of all gases, hydrogen, together with some helium. It is of course bitterly cold, and any form of life there is out of the question. It has several satellites, all of which are smaller than our Moon, and there are dark rings, quite unlike the glorious icy rings surrounding Saturn.

Before this year our knowledge of Uranus was meagre indeed. Today we know much more, thanks to the triumph of the space-probe Voyager 2, which bypassed the planet on January 24.

Voyager 2 was launched in 1977. Two years later it bypassed Jupiter, giant of the Solar System, and sent back spectacular pictures as well as a mass of data. It then went on to a rendezvous with Saturn in 1981, again with excellent results, after which it swung out towards an encounter with Uranus. The power for the spacecraft is supplied by what is in effect a tiny atomic power-plant (one cannot use solar power in those remote regions as there is not enough sunlight) and the almost incredibly weak signals emitted by Voyager 2 are picked up at various receiving stations, one at Goldstone in California, one in Spain and two in Australia. Everything is then sent to Mission Control at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at Pasadena in California. I was there during the January encounter with scientists from all over the world.

There was an air of tremendous excitement—perhaps because nobody knew quite what to expect. We did not know whether there would be anything in the nature of a magnetic field; neither were we sure how long Uranus took to spin on its axis. Uranus is unique in that it is "tilted on its side", so that at the



Above, hazy and clear regions on Uranus, as pictured from the space-probe Voyager 2, and below, Miranda, the most remarkable of the planet's satellites. Its varied surface includes craters, scarps, grooves and chaotic terrain.



moment its south pole is facing the Sun and is in the middle of its period of continuous daylight which lasts for 42 Earth-years. On Uranus the poles are actually warmer than the planet's equator.

The first major discovery was of a swarm of new satellites. Five were already known (Miranda, Ariel, Umbriel, Titania and Oberon); Voyager detected 10 more, all of which were small and presumably icy. But as Voyager drew in, there seemed little to be seen on the green disk of Uranus itself, and only a few days before the closest encounter were the first clouds seen. They

were not conspicuous, and could not have been less like the vividly coloured features of Jupiter or Saturn; but they existed, and they made it possible to show that Uranus's "day" is equal to about 16 hours 48 minutes. "Day", of course, is not really an appropriate term for Uranus, because of the extraordinary tilt of the axis.

We still do not know why Uranus is tipped on its side. One suggestion is that the planet was struck by some vast object which literally hurled it sideways, but there are objections to this idea, partly because any existing satellites would surely have been destroyed by such a cataclysm.

The next major revelation was that Uranus does emit radio waves, and has a magnetic field which is stronger than Saturn's though weaker than that of the Earth. But the rotational axis is nowhere near the magnetic axis; there is a difference of 55°, which again is a total mystery. To add to the confusion the magnetic pole now, facing the Sun, which should logically be the south pole, has *north* magnetic polarity, so that the magnetic field of Uranus is the reverse of the Earth's.

Next came the discovery of what has become known as the "electro-glow", a glow in Uranus's atmosphere which extends upwards for at least 30,000 miles. The mechanism for it is still not understood.

The rings provided surprises of

their own. Several new ones were found, one of which extends down to only a few thousand miles above the Uranian cloud-tops. The outermost ring is variable in width, and appears to contain pieces of darkish material which are several feet in diameter—quite unlike the small, icy fragments which make up the rings of Saturn. Moreover, the whole of the Uranian ring system is pervaded by blackish "dust" of unknown composition.

Yet it was perhaps the satellites which gave us the most surprises. The outer two previously known satellites, Titania and Oberon, are about 1,000 miles in diameter (as against more than 2,000 miles for our own Moon), and have icy, cratered surfaces. There are obvious traces of past crustal activity, and Titania shows sharp, icy cliffs, while on Oberon there is one feature which may be a mountain several miles high. Umbriel, rather smaller than the outer two, has a dark, inert surface with comparatively large craters; Ariel, of intermediate size, shows craters, grooves and smooth areas which look as if they have been levelled by liquid of some kind. Miranda, a mere 300 miles in diameter, is the most remarkable of all. It has an incredibly varied surface: craters, scarps, grooves, chaotic terrain and strange regions which have been likened to race-tracks, while one feature has been compared with a stack of pancakes. Rock and ice must be present, but we are totally at a loss to explain why Miranda is so exceptional. In fact, you name it—Miranda has it!

Voyager 2 has now moved away from Uranus, and has begun its journey out to its final target, the outermost giant, Neptune, which it will reach in August, 1989. Old though it is, Voyager 2 is functioning even better than it did when it encountered Jupiter and Saturn years ago; moreover, an on-board computer fault which developed as the spacecraft neared Uranus was actually put right by a command sent out from the Deep Space Network in Pasadena. Even if it does nothing more, Voyager 2 will still go down in history as one of the most triumphant of all the probes of the first decades of the Space Age.

Finally, it is worth noting that Voyager 2 is an excellent time-keeper. After a journey of so many millions of miles, and after having been in space for more than eight years, the space-probe reached its closest point to Uranus precisely one minute nine seconds early ○

Alaïa's eye for beauty

Azzedine Alaïa, the Tunis-born Paris couturier, loves women and has a talent for dressing them in a way that shows their shape to advantage.

BY JOAN HARRISON



When Azzedine Alaïa was a child, he would sometimes spend hot nights on the flat tiled roof of his grandparents' house in Tunis. His father was a farmer with a small holding, but Alaïa lived most of the time with his grandfather, a policeman. On those hot nights his grandmother would spread out a sheepskin rug and say: "Now we will travel to far countries in our dreams."

Those dreams led Alaïa to the far city of Paris and a career which brought the farmer's son to the top of the very tough international fashion world. Where the styling of ready-to-wear clothes is concerned, Alaïa has become a pace-setter. Last October his talent for dressing women in a way that shows their shape to advantage helped to win him two of the first French Couture awards organized by the culture minister Jack Lang and presented in the splendid Paris Opéra building.

He still likes to conjure up fantasies in the night hours, but his magic rug is now the top floor of a 17th-century mansion in Paris's beautiful

Marais district. There he lives, "above the shop", with his Yorkshire terrier Patapouf, and dreams about women: "all sorts of women of any age, and of the perfect dress that I haven't yet made".

His delight in the female form and his love of women are genuine and rare in the world of couture. Indeed, although they are decades apart and from utterly different worlds, he shares with the late patrician Christian Dior a real feeling for women. The "new look", which has passed into history with its nipped-in waist and huge pleated skirts, was a contrast from the ugliness of wartime restrictions. Alaïa in turn represents the revolt from all those shapeless black Japanese garments which have ruled the ready-to-wear trade for the past eight years. Yet he himself always wears a black Mao outfit. If it is cold he has a black coat and a black raincoat. He feels right in his little Chinese suits: "they're comfortable, and then I can forget about myself." When they wear out, he replaces them from a wholesaler, and he wears flat black Chinese shoes.

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Alaïa with two of his designs: the model on the left is the American singer and actress Grace Jones who accompanied him to the French Couture awards ceremony at the Opéra.



Alaïa's creations on the Parisian catwalk.

He aims for simplicity and beauty of line in his clothes, which are styled to follow the contours of the body. His delight in the female form is evident. The texture of the material is important, it must hang well and be pleasing to touch. He believes clothes should become part of a woman and grace her: "it's the woman inside them that's important, not designs on the drawing board."

»→ With his diminutive size (barely 5 feet tall), his companion Patapouf, his black outfit and his relaxed manner, his style is as individual as the Queen Mother's. At this idea his big black eyes gleamed with pleasure. "J'adore la reine mère," he said. "She's perfect. She has elegance and charm. I don't like pastel shades normally, but pastels are right for her. Clothes should become part of a woman, grace her, not be noticed first. It's the woman inside them that's important, not designs on a drawing board."

Alaïa's first big success was with a tubular dress in wool. His style is shaped to the body and skilfully tucked to follow the bodyline. He loves body stockings and ski pants worn with comfortable broad-shouldered knits—not cumbersome, but soft.

His early training was at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Tunis. He wanted to be a sculptor. "But I turned my attention to women—and I got stuck." He has always worked, not from the drawing board, but directly from a living model as did Balenciaga and Chanel. He designs all his prototypes himself, cuts them and makes them up. Then he lets one of his factories get on with bringing out the copies. "I don't know how many people I employ exactly," he said.

He has no outside financing, no American or merchant banker godfathers. The whole enterprise, including his main house and showroom and 200 boutiques throughout the world, is owned by him. "I don't like businessmen much," he said. "I like to feel free and I like to work alone, so I can stop if I feel like it. Perhaps if the inside of my head got too old to think any more and to dream of women in beautiful clothes—

then I would give up."

Twenty years ago he spent a fortnight working in the Dior workrooms, but he was made to feel uncomfortable there and that was it. "Not for me," he said. "I learnt the technical side of the business as I went along." For many years he created custom-made clothes for private clients in a small mezzanine flat on the Left Bank. He has always had a strong link with the stage. One of his first clients was the French actress Arletty (now over 80, still elegant and dressed by Alaïa). His name was passed around in the same way that Frenchwomen recommend their private fortune-tellers: "Keep it to yourself, but... there is this marvellous man..."

He designed for the girls of the Crazy Horse Saloon, the famous strip-tease cabaret, and for young French actresses fighting to be noticed. Then he met the late Louise de Vilmorin, author, hostess and arbiter of taste. She introduced him to the society world and the chic Parisiennes who rule it. Finally his name began to mean something to the French fashion press, and Americans found their way to the small overcrowded apartment where by now he employed 11 seamstresses. Alaïa himself used to sleep under the cutting table.

As his business expanded, he started to create little collections and finally moved from custom-made clothes to becoming a major stylist. He dresses stars such as the black singer Grace Jones, who accompanied him to the awards ceremony at the Opéra, Tina Turner and Nastassja Kinski, as well as the thousands of unknowns who like the sensuous feeling of an Alaïa ready-to-wear outfit.

He has an artist's eye and dislikes messy outlines. His desire for simplicity and beauty of line, so obvious in his clothes, comes through in his working environment. Although delighted with his recent awards, he hides the two hideous trophies, glass sculptures of a woman's bust, in a cupboard. In the showroom, even the fitting cubicles fold into a mirrored wall. An African sculpture is the only decoration. When his assistants see a pair of little black shoes appearing down the staircase which leads to his design room, they rush to shut all the cupboard doors.

Success has not changed his way of life. "I don't go out much except occasionally to the opera or to see friends. Everything is here"—he gestures round the room. "During the daytime there are clients and business to see to. I work at night, when it's quiet. I turn on the *télé* and I think about women."

Just as he likes women of all ages, so he likes all types of material as long as it hangs well, "and if one has an urge to touch it or stroke it," he comments. "I like clothes to have humour and a surprise element about them."

One of his favourite mannequins, the Algerian Farida, says, "When you wear Alaïa you feel good. You pull in your tummy, your shoulders feel free and as for your backview, no one understands it as well as he does."

Alaïa dislikes his creations being dubbed sexy. "That doesn't have any real meaning," he said. "No, what I want is that an outfit should do something for a woman's morale; that the cut of a skirt should start up a conversation, a dialogue, a coming-together of textures between a woman's body and what she clothes it in." ○

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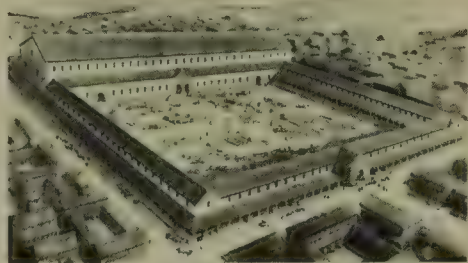
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The February issue of the ILN carried an article by John Maloney about the major excavations now taking place on the site of Roman London's chief public buildings. In order that these excavations can be carried out before new construction work obscures the site at the end of this year more funds are urgently needed. The City of London Archaeological Trust have launched an appeal for £200,000 for this special project. Those wishing to contribute should send their cheques, made out to "City of London Archaeological Trust", to:

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Britain's Stone Age hunters and their prey

Dr Anthony John Stuart of the Museum of Zoology at the University of Cambridge explains how the survival of prehistoric man depended on the lives of the animals around him.

From about 300,000 to 10,000 years ago Britain was inhabited by peoples with Old Stone Age (palaeolithic) cultures—they manufactured tools and weapons from flint or other suitable stone or, less commonly, from bone and wood. Throughout this long span of prehistory man's existence was intimately bound up with the lives of the animals around him. On the one hand many mammals, together with birds and fish, provided major sources of food and raw materials, while on the other large mammalian predators and scavengers competed with humans for that food. Moreover, the larger meat-eaters—lions, hyenas, bears and wolves—and large plant-eaters such as bison and elephant would have occasionally threatened human life and limb. Their importance to early man is shown by their dominance in the French and Spanish cave paintings and sculpture, and in the smaller carvings and engravings found at many sites from western Europe to Siberia.

Archaeologists are understandably primarily concerned with the excavation and interpretation of sites which have good evidence of human occupation in the form of artifacts and these are indeed the only sites which normally attract archaeological funding. The study of animal remains from such sites—archaeozoology—is regarded as a legitimate aspect of such work, but the majority of fossil bones and teeth which occur so plentifully in the deposits of caves, rivers and lakes without archaeological associations tend to be neglected in attempts to reconstruct the way of life and environment of early man.

This can result in serious bias, and in particular an incomplete picture of the wildlife at any given time in the past. Many factors conspire to determine what is eventually preserved at an archaeological site and, in particular, selection of prey species by hunters would be missed if the composition of the wildlife as a whole is unknown. Another problem is that the skeletal remains of certain animals may not have been brought back to the living site because, for example, they were too heavy, so that the meat was more con-

veniently cut from the bone at the spot where the animal was killed.

At Hoxne (pronounced "Hoxen") in Suffolk (the classic locality after which the Hoxnian interglacial period is named), a series of gravels, sands and silts containing both artifacts and animal remains overlies the sediments of a former lake. Fossil pollen from these lake sediments preserves a record of the changing vegetation throughout more than half of this interglacial (the name given to major warm periods), which probably dates back to about 200,000 to 300,000 years ago.

Investigations at Hoxne date back to the closing years of the 18th century, when with great insight John Frere observed that flint hand-axes found there were "fabricated and used by a people who had not the use of metals . . . belonging to a very remote period indeed, even beyond that of the modern world".

The most recent and informative of the archaeological excavations at Hoxne were made from 1974 to 1978 under the direction of John Wymer as part of a project sponsored by Professor Ronald Singer, University of Chicago.

The main layer containing flint tools including handaxes of Acheulian type (named after a site at St Acheul, France) and some flakes, together with animal bones and teeth, is situated just above the top of the lake deposits. The animals represented by this material, in particular fallow deer and macaque monkey, indicate that at this time the landscape was largely clothed in temperate forest, although the presence of horse and short-tailed vole implies that there were also open grassy areas near by.

The bones, teeth, stones and artifacts in the main layer are curiously confined to within a band about 5 metres wide and a known length of at least 34 metres. The majority of the animal remains are fragmentary, and for the most part appear to be randomly scattered. Horse is the main animal represented followed by red deer and less commonly fallow deer, roe, beaver, extinct beaver *Trogontherium*, and fish—especially pike. More sparsely represented are lion, bear, macaque

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View from Ossom's Cave in the Peak District where excavated prehistoric artifacts and animal bones suggest it was a spring haunt of reindeer hunters.

From a study of tooth eruption and wear it is evident that all the young reindeer had died in spring. The season of death of the older individuals could not be determined. The cave is too small for long-term occupation, but today still provides shelter and an excellent vantage point. We may picture the hunters making seasonal use of the site, ambushing the reindeer herds on their spring migration up the Manifold Valley from the Midland Plain to the uplands of the Peak District. Many of the reindeer bones had been smashed, presumably to extract the marrow as the Eskimos do today. Radiocarbon dates ranging from about 10,590 to 11,930 years ago suggest that this material is of approximately the same age as the elk discussed above. The small mammals, including lemmings, water vole and bank vole, indicate a climate colder than now with much grass and herb vegetation, but also allowing the growth of some bushes or trees.

The non-archaeological evidence for the Last Cold Period is especially interesting in that it shows that the range of edible plants and invertebrates was far more restricted than in a warm interglacial. Like the Eskimo hunters in the recent past, people living in Britain during the Last Cold Period presumably ate a mainly meat diet.

Turning now from specific sites to more general considerations the earliest undoubted stone tools, and hence the earliest definite record of man in Britain, date from the Hoxnian interglacial about 200,000 to 300,000 years ago. From this time until about 35,000 years ago, however, people were present in Britain only intermittently and moreover their stone tools are generally far less abundant than in France or Germany for example. The impression is that Britain then lay on the northernmost fringe of the inhabitable world and that people were able to survive during warm phases only when there were sufficient food resources, and even then they did not penetrate beyond England and Wales.

After about 35,000 years ago, however, the development of better hunting weapons may well have been the main factor which, by ensuring a regular supply of meat, enabled people to live in southern Britain throughout all but the coldest phase of the Last Cold Period including a major glaciation of the area. After 10,000 years ago, with the global warming of the climate and subsequent return of a much broader range of food resources, their Middle Stone Age (mesolithic) descendants were the first people to colonize the entire British Isles.

monkey, extinct giant deer, wild ox or bison, an extinct rhinoceros and voles and other small mammals.

The origin of this accumulation of material is enigmatic. There is no sign of damage by the teeth of carnivores, but there are some apparent cut marks (still under investigation) thought to have been made by flint tools, and the material could well represent human food remains. Typical of such early Old Stone Age sites is the wide variety of animals represented. Since the range of tools and weapons available at this time was apparently very limited, particularly as throwing spears with flint- or bone-tipped points, spear-throwers and bows and arrows had not been invented, it is very unlikely that mammals and birds were hunted on a regular basis. The material from Hoxne and other sites of this age may represent occasional opportunist killing of sick or weak individuals, and scavenging of carcasses killed by lions, wolves or other predators.

Fossil evidence from Hoxne and elsewhere also shows that people in Hoxnian Britain would have had access to a wide variety of potential food, including various fruits and nuts, birds' eggs, frogs, snails and

other invertebrates. They may also have caught fish. Unfortunately, however, even though these items may have comprised the major part of the diet, we do not at present have any direct evidence of which were actually eaten.

The other sites studied are all much later, dating from the second half of the Last Cold Period, between about 35,000 and 10,000 years ago, when advanced Old Stone Age (upper palaeolithic) hunters had reached Britain across the dry bed of what is now the southern North Sea.

A tiny cave in the Mendip Hills, Somerset, quaintly named Picken's Hole, was excavated by the University of Bristol Speleological Society in the early 1960s. The most interesting bed yielded only a few flint flakes and two human teeth of modern type, but contained a rich assemblage of fossil mammal remains. Animals represented in association with radiocarbon dates of about 27,540 and 34,265 years ago include spotted hyena, lion, bear, arctic fox, mammoth (baby individuals), woolly rhinoceros, horse, reindeer and extinct bison. The site was too small for long-term human occupation and the flints may record a single visit by

one or more persons seeking temporary shelter. As at many such cave sites in Britain most of the remains appear to have been brought to the site by spotted hyenas. The condition of the material, with only parts of jaws, isolated teeth and the more compact bones surviving more or less complete, is characteristic and testifies to the efficiency of the hyenas' bone-crunching jaw muscles and teeth.

In 1971 the entire skeleton of a male elk or moose was found in sediments of a former lake on the outskirts of Blackpool, Lancashire. The deposits were rich in both fossil pollen and plant remains indicating the former presence of birch woodlands and juniper bushes with grasses, sedges and other open ground herbs in a warmer phase between about 11,000 and 11,800 years ago, just before the end of the Last Cold Period. Excavation of the hind limb bones by John Hallam and Ben Edwards resulted in the discovery of a barbed spear point, made of bone or antler, that had evidently been embedded in the animal's hind foot. Another similar spear point had been previously found in the vicinity of the rib cage by the original discoverers.

My own examination of the bones revealed a number of injuries probably caused by flint-tipped weapons. The unfortunate animal appears to have escaped from the hunters, only to perish by drowning in a lake. The fact that its antlers were about to be shed indicates that these events took place in the winter months, and bearing in mind present-day eyewitness accounts of moose deaths it is quite possible that the animal died as a result of falling through thin ice.

Ossom's Cave, a very small cave in the Staffordshire Peak District, excavated in the 1950s by Don Bramwell, yielded a particularly interesting collection of artifacts and animal bones.



Lower jaw of a spotted hyena from Picken's Hole in Somerset's Mendip Hills, site of a rich collection of fossil mammal remains excavated in the 1960s.

REVIEWS



ART

Post-war art at the Tate

BY EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

In Forty Years of Modern Art 1945-85, the Tate Gallery has put on view a rich selection drawn from its own collection. The result is instructive: it gives an honest picture of the strengths and weaknesses of the collection, and the gallery emerges with its reputation enhanced.

Strengths first. The exhibition gives a coherent if rather straitlaced and orthodox account of the development of contemporary art during the epoch indicated by the title. A tyro, visiting a museum of modern art for the first time, could see specimens of most of the main tendencies. The exhibition also has rooms devoted to artists who are shown in strength. There is the superb group of Rothkos, originally

painted for the Four Seasons restaurant in the Seagram Building in New York, which the Tate is lucky to possess. There is a room devoted to Giacometti; and another, rather surprisingly, to Dubuffet. Surprise does not imply condemnation: Dubuffet's importance is becoming more apparent as the years go on, and the reception given to his first show in England (at the ICA) was rough indeed. The Tate has shown courage and sense in building up its holding.

Some of the weaknesses in the show seem inevitable. Britain was slow to recognize the importance of the Abstract Expressionists. There are four Pollocks here, but two are on loan, and none is a real masterpiece. Clyfford Still is missing. The representation of American Pop art is rather spotty; various other American schools are omitted altogether: Photo-realism (excusable on the grounds that it turned out to be a cul-de-sac); the Pattern Painting, still popular in New York and well represented in recent Whitney Annuals; Graffiti Painting, which scrambled out of the subway and blossomed in the East Village and then on 57th Street; and the Hairy Who painters from Chicago who show that not all the best American art comes from New York.

It must be said that the Tate's view

The Ups and Downs by Jean Dubuffet, an artist there in strength at the Tate.

of what is happening now is very narrow: looming Neo-Expressionist canvases by the new German school; whimsical junk sculptures by a tight-knit group of young British artists. The art of the 1980s is more various than can be guessed from what is shown here. Despite this major grumble, it is an invigorating show.

CINEMA

Forster's room re-viewed

BY GEORGE PERRY

Logic suggests that the team of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory, had they E. M. Forster in mind, would have turned to *A Passage to India* for subject matter. Outdone in their bidding for that work they settled instead for *A Room With a View*. All, however, is for the best. On the one hand we were able to enjoy David Lean's only contribution to the

cinema in more than a decade, and on the other we can now appreciate a pleasing and sensitive Forster adaptation by Ruth Praver Jhabvala which preserves his ironies.

A Room With a View, first published in 1908, is the lightest, yet most subtle of Forster's novels. It is a comedy of manners in which the Edwardian English upper-middle class endeavour to absorb the excitement of being abroad without losing composure or principles to the foreign influences around them, and in which Home Counties tea parties on neat, green lawns become battlegrounds with, as the enemy, spontaneous emotion and unfettered feelings.

Lucy, played by Helena Bonham-Carter, on a visit to Italy with her protective spinster cousin Charlotte (Maggie Smith), is drawn to a young man of lesser breeding (Julian Sandys) who has an eccentric, free-spirited, whimsical father (Denholm Elliott). Nevertheless, on her return to England she resolves to marry Cecil (Daniel Day-Lewis), whose stiff fastidiousness, ambition and utter conventionality suggest a good match. But, as Forster observes, she is lying to herself and to the world.

The film proceeds at a refreshing pace and the potential awkwardness of the book's two parts, the first set

n Florence, the second in the Weald, is neatly circumvented by inserted titles, echoing Forster's own chapter headings. Ivory is blessed not only by the excellent cinematography of Tony Pierce-Roberts but also by an accomplished cast, with Simon Callow, Judi Dench, Rupert Graves and Rosemary Leach augmenting those actors already mentioned.

Helena Bonham-Carter, tiny, dark and pretty, has the accent more of a modern Sloane Ranger than the cut-glass tones of a genuine Edwardian, which are brilliantly caught by Maggie Smith, but in an aspiring New Woman who has to be convinced it may not be so inappropriate.

Literature has already been mined by Merchant and Ivory with their Henry James adaptations, but this new film from one of the great 20th-century English novels is superior to their others.

Another novel, of more recent origin, but certainly to be regarded as a classic, is *Absolute Beginners* by Colin MacInnes, often thought of as a kind of British *Catcher in the Rye*. The narrator, whom we would describe nowadays as streetwise, is about to depart from the teenage condition, and frenetically zips on his motor-scooter between the espresso bars and jazz clubs of Soho and the decaying tenements of Notting Hill while losing the girl of his dreams to a Rachmanite property developer.

It has been turned into a screen musical by Julien Temple, renowned for his pop videos. The setting of 1958 is kept and the West End of nearly 30 years ago has been rebuilt as a spectacular studio set. Temple aimed to make a studio musical in the way that *On the Town* and *The Band Wagon* used indoor sound stages for New York streets. It is a fine wire to tread, a mite comparable with Coppola's disastrous musical *One From the Heart*, in which downtown Las Vegas was a set.

Luckily, the film is better than that. The pitch is established almost immediately by a bravura sequence, virtually in one take, in which the camera wanders through the Soho streets, in and out of buildings, picking up and following characters and action dazzlingly choreographed by David Toguri. Nothing really quite matches the exuberance of this scene, but there are some effective later numbers, particularly David Bowie as an egregiously manipulative ad man singing "That's Motivation" and Ray Davies with "Quiet Life".

Eddie O'Connell, allegedly selected from thousands as the unknown lead, is bright, likeable, and sharply dressed in winklepickers and fluorescent pink socks in accordance with the MacInnes description, but Patsy Kensit bears the unmistakable look of the 1960s dollybird, with long blonde hair, pale lipstick and a mini-skirt. In fact, it is not 1958 at all

but an invented impression of the time by today's generation. Its Soho is as realistic as a Disneyland recreation. And details, while lovingly assembled, are often awry. The 1958 summer, unlike 1959, was a rotten one, Strand cigarettes did not appear until 1960, and the E-type Jaguar was a year later still. The plotline, while attempting to adhere to the book, is vaguely defined, the nuances have been refined out of it.

However, there is a sense of zest, exhilaration and brashness—all rare qualities in British cinema.

THEATRE

Pleasure in the apple cart

BY J. C. TREWIN

The Apple Cart, revived now at the Haymarket, is so called because Bernard Shaw found for his King Magnus (of England) a craftily simple way of outmatching his socialist ministers. "You can't upset the apple cart like that," says the censorious little Foreign Secretary, Nicobar, during the last act. But Magnus can; he does it merely with a single threat. Though Shaw said once in mock-modesty that the comedy was "a frightful bag of stage tricks as old as Sophocles", we observe again what enviable cats can jump from the bag.

Carts, bags and cats aside, this remains after well over 50 years a wise and bristling political extravaganza. Agreed, it could do without its brief central "Interlude", the King's dallying with a flamboyant mistress, Orinthia, who is based on Mrs Patrick Campbell. She has been a superfluity from the time when Edith Evans, in a highly stylized fashion, used to enrich a part that now baffles Susannah York as it has

baffled many other actresses. Ivor Brown described the woman as "an emotional chauvinist": she is also a bore, suitably enshrined here in a boudoir of quite alarming vulgarity.

When we consider the events of one summer's day in the royal palace at some unspecified date in the future, we think first of Magnus, here played by Peter O'Toole, with his resistance to a Cabinet ultimatum, and of his deviously Scottish Prime Minister, Proteus ("Joe" to his irreverent colleague Amanda, Postmistress-General). Michael Denison's idea of the man must surely be definitive. The play offers various political parallels yet, for most people, it means simply King Magnus's redoubtable method of stemming a government that has tried, unwarily, to smother him. He has a testing part.

I believe I have seen six Magnuses over the years. For me Peter O'Toole succeeds much better than I have known him in other Shaw elsewhere, but he is not my ideal. He preserves a rather remote, frost-flaked urbanity—too remote maybe even when he is scuffling dutifully with Orinthia—and he does need more tone-colour. In the first-act homily on government I cannot altogether feel—as Shaw instructed Cedric Hardwicke, who was my first Magnus—that the man is coming through the manner. The King is sagacious and astute; whether we now get all his sagacity and astuteness is arguable.

Not that this dangerously vitiates pleasure in most of a play which, Shaw said, "exposes the unreality of both democracy and royalty as our idealists conceive them". Possibly its most purely theatrical scene is when the American Ambassador brings news that the United States has decided to rejoin the British Empire, with Magnus as Emperor, a notion that appeals less to the King than to his Queen. Bernard Braden, back on the stage after several years, enters, according to plan, "in an effusive condition", but fortunately not

dressed as the "Uncle Sam" figure which was once James Carew's fate. By now another aspect is altered: the Cabinet is no longer "resplendent in diplomatic uniforms", though Boanerges (Paul Rogers, stormingly assertive) has his early entrance in Russian blouse and peaked cap.

Decorations, in any event, must be secondary. What counts is Shaw's good-tempered briskness, heightened in Val May's Haymarket production by the loyalty of the cast, a string of oddly-named characters. Even if the minor members of the Cabinet are not Shavian inspirations, they are lucky to be re-created by a group of such experienced players. It is pleasant to watch Brewster Mason (Balbus), Geoffrey Keen (Pliny), David Waller (Crassus) and Marius Goring (Nicobar), and to hear the emotional insistence of Moira Lister as the Powermistress-General, Lysistrata. Dora Bryan, whose Amanda must have been music-hall-bred, enjoys her chirping interjections.

The comedy's best passages are entirely unfaded. Shaw, through life, was adept at toppling apple carts. Still, I do wish that somebody could have persuaded him to cut that "Interlude". Unhappily (though perhaps inevitably) he loved it.

BALLET

Top of the pops at Covent Garden

BY URSULA ROBERTSHAW

Wayne Eagling's *Frankenstein: the Modern Prometheus* has been chosen by readers of *Dance & Dancers* as the best new ballet of 1985, and I am pleased to say that I agree with the verdict of audiences—though their opinion is at variance with that of most critics.

Perhaps the critics, who tend to be purists and on the conservative side, quarrelled with the way Eagling has taken advantage of the many stage resources of Covent Garden to create a work that is thoroughly theatrical and full of surprises, and different from any ballet in the Royal's repertory. He begins with a *coup de théâtre* as, triggered by the tinkling of a musical box once given to him by the girl he loved, the young Dr Frankenstein emerges from the shell of his old, wheelchair-bound body to relive memories of how he lost both his girl and his creation. We are off to a good start and the pace does not slacken.

Dominating the ballet is The Creature (memorably danced by Jonathan Cope): no Monster, he is exquisitely beautiful—but alien, ➤



Helena Bonham-Carter as the aspiring New Woman in *A Room With a View*, a Merchant/Ivory film adaptation of the 1908 Forster novel.



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»→ not quite human, the sort of being that might emerge from the experiments of over-confident genetic engineers. And Eagling is telling us that Mary Shelley's fable has morals for the modern world; so he introduces the punks, here seen as instruments of violence and destruction, which are very much of our time. Man is still tempted by forbidden knowledge which he cannot control, and still risks burns from the Promethean fire.

Quite apart from his dramatic effects, Eagling has created some fine dance: for example, the ecstatic *pas de deux* for Frankenstein (danced by the choreographer himself) and his girl, Elizabeth (Lesley Collier in another fine performance); for Frankenstein and The Creature when the latter first emerges into the world and explores the articulation of his limbs and his independence from his maker; for The Creature and Elizabeth, whom he both terrifies and fascinates; and for the final, disastrous encounter of these two at the betrothal of Frankenstein and his love—not to mention the malevolent contortions of the punks.

The betrothal, a Chelsea Arts Ball affair, has given the designers, Emanuel, a chance for some fantastic costumes (way over the top, but why not? If you've got it, flaunt it), and Vangelis's score is highly effective. Theirs is an important contribution to a ballet full of imagination and invention and not without some philosophical content.

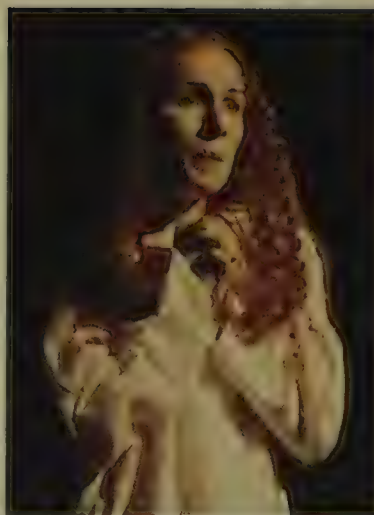
OPERA

Stein's illuminating Otello

BY MARGARET DAVIES

Welsh National Opera's policy of engaging eminent theatre directors from the Continent has paid its richest dividend to date with the new staging of *Otello*. The opera is produced by Peter Stein, co-founder in 1970 of the Berlin Schaubühne company, who represents the new blood essential to the maintenance of the standard repertory. Let it at once be said that there is no outrageous gimmickry, no attempt to shock; the production is strictly faithful to Verdi, taking account of the librettist Boito's stage directions, and Richard Armstrong's conducting makes a vital contribution to the concentrated intensity of the performance which owes much to its visual strength.

Lucio Fanti's sets, enclosed within a huge gilt picture frame, create a series of Renaissance-style stage pictures whose beauty is enhanced by



Helen Field as Desdemona sings the "Ave Maria" in Act IV of *Otello*.

Moidele Bickel's autumnal-hued costumes and the superb lighting. The storm in Act I is wonderfully theatrical as the misty darkness is riven by dazzling shafts of lightning, and the side panels of the box-set swing out under the force of the wind. There are other striking effects in Act II: the flimsy red curtain with its appliqué flame pattern that Iago uses for concealment and for manipulating his victims, and the flower-decked canopy suspended over Desdemona as she receives the tributes of the people. As the tragedy progresses, the acting area is gradually compressed, finally into a narrow claustrophobic bedroom, reflecting the forces that close in on Otello's mind.

Stein's handling of the singers is also illuminating. By emphasizing Otello's relationship with the chorus, the people of Cyprus, he draws them more personally into the action. In Act I they are calmed by Otello's entrances, first after the terrors of the storm, then after the brawl. But in his growing derangement his relationship with his people, as well as with his wife, changes and Act III ends with his turning on them in anger, felling them with flailing arms as he loses mental and physical control, and the effect is as shocking as his attack on Desdemona.

Jeffrey Lawton makes a powerful figure of the black-garbed Moor, though afflicted on the first night by a cold his singing had more commitment than subtlety. For a heavily-built man he is light on his feet and the love scene with Desdemona has almost balletic qualities. Helen Field brings fragility and a gentle demeanour to her sensitive portrayal of the heroine, but she can call on considerable vocal reserves for the affecting final scene. Donald Maxwell's richly and confidently sung Iago is a smiling, dimpled devil—a chillingly triumphant portrayal. The WNO chorus, on top vocal form, are the crowning glory of this fine production which can be seen this month in Birmingham and Oxford.

RADIO

Too much chat on Radio 4

BY ROBERT COWAN

If the correspondence to *Feedback* is anything to go by, what infuriates the average Radio 4 listener most—more even than the odd grammatical lapse, an irritating accent, or a wrongly-stressed syllable—is the re-arrangement of schedules by Broadcasting House planners.

With criticism from most quarters every time they make a change, they should by now have developed a more intuitive understanding of their audience and of their essentially broadsheet tastes. Yet with every new season's change of programmes there are always further examples of a basic misunderstanding of the Radio 4 persona: it is the "tabloid tendency" back at work.

For more years than most can remember Radio 4 has been a by-word of excellence in the field of natural history. Now, on Sunday afternoons, we have *The Natural History Programme*, a kind of That's Animal Life presented by the relentlessly cheerful Fergus and Lionel whose matey manner is guaranteed to irritate all but the criminally inane. The beasts of Britain deserve better. The show is symptomatic of the tabloid tendency's mentality—chat is the be-all and end-all; substance, of necessity, is diminished.

Saturday morning, once a near-perfect example of scheduling, with a range of political and informative programmes leavened by Margaret Howard's *Pick of the Week* and ideally suited to the time and the audience, has now been burdened with a heavy allocation of chat. Even the waspish presence of Ned Sherrin in the chair of *Loose Ends* cannot transform a half-measure of froth into something more acceptable to the weights and measures department of Radio 4 discernment.

It is all a great shame because, with the flim-flam stripped away, the channel's old Home Service chassis is still in remarkably good shape. Already this year we have had a first-rate Mary Goldring series investigating how technology *isn't* changing the face of industry. Comedy has enjoyed a renaissance. And the staples of the Radio 4 diet—*Woman's Hour*, *International Assignment*, *The Archers* and the drama—are as lively and entertaining as ever.

If the makers of these programmes can get it so right, why is it that the compilers of the schedules and the originators of new programming can frequently get it so wrong?

ILN weekend visit to the Mary Rose, Fishbourne and Goodwood (September 19-21, 1986)



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The *Mary Rose*, flagship of Henry VIII's fleet which was raised from the sea bed in 1982, was put back on an even keel last year after lying for nearly three years in the Ship Hall in Portsmouth on her starboard side, in the position in which she lay on the seabed for more than four centuries. A programme of reconstruction and conservation is now taking place. On the weekend of September 19-21 readers of *The Illustrated London News* will have a unique opportunity to view the warship, the exhibition of the ship's treasures and to meet Dr Margaret Rule, director of the project.

The special trip will begin on the evening of September 19 at the luxury Goodwood Park Hotel, Chichester, where the party will stay for the weekend. Guests will be welcomed in the evening by the Editor of the *ILN* and after dinner at the hotel Dr Rule will give a talk about the raising of the *Mary Rose* and the problems of conservation. On Saturday morning she will accompany the group to the ship and its museum.

Later on Saturday members of the party will be taken on a conducted tour of Goodwood House, home of the Dukes of Richmond since 1697, in whose grounds the Goodwood Park Hotel lies. The Earl of March will give a short introduction to the house before the tour. There will also be an opportunity to see some of the National Dressage Championships, which take place in the Park on September 19 and 20.

Dr Ann Birchall, Archaeology Editor of the *ILN*, who will be accompanying the party and who has led several archaeology tours to China, will give a talk after dinner on Saturday evening about ancient China's terracotta army.

On Sunday morning the party will be taken to see Fishbourne Roman Palace and Museum, the largest Roman residence in Britain, with its beautiful mosaics and restored formal garden. Mr David Rudkin, the museum's director, will accompany the party. The *ILN* weekend will conclude after the visit to Fishbourne, but there will be opportunities for visits to other sites on the Sunday afternoon, and the Goodwood Park Hotel will offer preferential rates for anyone who wishes to stay on for a further night.

The total cost of the *ILN* weekend, including single- or double-room accommodation for two nights at the Goodwood Park Hotel, all meals from Friday dinner to Sunday breakfast, transport to the sites, entry fees etc will be £145 per person. Numbers are limited and allocations will be made as received.

To ensure a place please reserve now by filling in and returning the form below. Confirmation of your booking will be sent at once and further details of the trip forwarded in July.

Where the buck stopped

BY ROBERT BLAKE

Truman

Roy Jenkins
Collins, £12.95

The most quotable phrase by this normally unquotable statesman is oddly enough not mentioned in Roy Jenkins's excellent biography. "The buck stops here" was the printed notice on President Truman's desk, and it had significance. It was his recognition of ultimate responsibility. He could not shuffle off the critical decisions on to anyone else. Within the limits imposed by the American constitution his was the final word, and he lived as President through seven years of continual crisis. His past career had in no way prepared him for the role of leader of the most powerful nation in the world. He remains one of the most striking examples of a man of apparent mediocrity rising to the occasion provided by one of the accidents of history.

The American system is admittedly very strange. Vice-Presidential candidates are scarcely ever chosen by their party with the idea that they might become President. Yet no fewer than five have done so since 1900—Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, Harry S. Truman, Lyndon Johnson and Gerald Ford. Nor has the Vice-President anything to do except act as Speaker in the Senate and make an occasional political speech or ceremonial appearance. Yet each one of them was given a second term by a handsome majority, apart from Ford who oper-

ated in the shadow of Watergate.

Franklin Roosevelt was a sick man when the choice of his running mate was made with his consent in the summer of 1944. He seems to have cared little about it. The two men lunched together at the White House only once and Truman thought that "physically he is just going to pieces". He was not taken into the confidence of the President who never even told him about the atomic bomb. Truman was chosen as Vice-Presidential candidate rather as Bonar Law became leader of the Conservative Party in 1911—because stronger and better known runners cancelled each other out.

He was not, of course, totally obscure. After a dull six years in the Senate as Boss Prendergast's nominee for Missouri he ran again in 1940, narrowly won and then made a bit of a name for himself as chairman of the Special Committee to Investigate the National Defense Program. Known as the Truman Committee it was concerned with contracts not campaigns and is said to have saved \$15 billion. As for executive experience Truman had virtually none, except for a few years as "Judge" in Jackson County—a misleading title for it was an administrative not a judicial post, but very small beer.

Yet this apparently insignificant backwoodsman made the decisions which have shaped the world ever since—the dropping of the atomic bomb, the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the Berlin airlift, the

Korean War, the establishment of the Federal Republic of West Germany, the creation of Nato. The years from April, 1945, to November, 1952, were among the most crucial in the history of the modern world and Truman's part in them was paramount. He achieved what he did against a political background precarious to a degree. Although he faced Republican majorities in Congress for only two of his seven years in office, he was far from sure of getting his way even when his own party held sway. As the Presidential election of 1948 approached, his power diminished. Few people expected him to win. A Republican Congress, confident in victory, doubled the President's salary, added a large expense allowance and voted an immense figure for the Inauguration ceremony. The Democratic Party's funds fell so low during the election campaign that Truman was sometimes cut off on the radio in mid-speech because the party had insufficient cash to pay for the necessary air time; and on one occasion in his whistle-stop rail tour there was not enough money, according to his daughter, "to get his train out of the station without an on-the-spot fund-raising effort". Yet he won comfortably, confounding the polls and the *Chicago Tribune* with its premature headline "Dewey Defeats Truman"—surely one of the most famous in the annals of journalism.

The closing stages of his second

term were marred by McCarthyism and a series of petty scandals in Washington. Moreover he totally misjudged the situation in the Republican camp, believing that Eisenhower was a potential candidate for the Democratic nomination. It has to be admitted that the General displayed a certain disingenuousness in not contradicting this impression. When his Republican candidature was announced Truman was furious—even more so when Eisenhower made as one of his main campaign themes the defects of a foreign policy to which as Commander of Nato forces he had himself contributed not a little. Truman never forgave Eisenhower's failure to defend Marshall against McCarthy. Their relationship ended on a note of bitter hostility.

Roy Jenkins has written a short biography—a genre which has almost died out and is well worth reviving. He tells us everything that we need to know and he writes, as always, incisively, perceptively and readably. Truman emerges as a remarkable man, impetuous, hasty, almost reckless, often wrong on small matters, usually right on the big ones. He had plenty of nerve. The man who sacked General MacArthur was no coward. If he often lost his temper and wrote vitriolic letters, he usually had the sense not to post them, with one or two unfortunate exceptions. This is a most interesting book by a distinguished biographer about a great man.

RECENT FICTION

Out of the ordinary

BY SALLY EMERSON

Found in the Street

by Patricia Highsmith
Heinemann, £9.95

The Adventures of Robina

by Herself, edited by Emma Tennant
Faber, £9.95

The Woman Herself

by Judith Burnley
Hodder, £8.95

Power of the Sword

by Wilbur Smith
Heinemann, £10.95

Patricia Highsmith's new novel is her first for three years. She is an extraordinarily compelling writer who takes the reader into strange states of mind, into the motives and con-

fusions of people at the edge of society. But in a way we are all at the edge, looking out at the world, and she captures brilliantly the sense of isolation that most people feel at some time. As Graham Greene has written: "Miss Highsmith is a crime novelist whose books one can re-read many times. There are very few of whom one can say that... Nothing is certain when we have crossed this frontier. It is not the world as we once believed we knew it, but it is frighteningly more real to us than the house next door." The reality she conveys comes from her knowledge of the curious highways and byways and dark alleyways of the human psyche.

Found in the Street starts amiably enough. A quirky elderly man with a dog called God (dog backwards) finds a wallet in the street belonging to a journalist called Sutherland. He is thrilled to find it. He takes particular pleasure in the sheaf of \$20 bills. To our surprise, he returns the

wallet with everything inside it.

But already a certain discomfort has crept into the reader's mind. There is something too enthusiastic about the way he returns the money ("Gives me pleasure. Not every day a man finds a wallet and can return it to the owner! I think it's the first time in my life!"); it is not quite right. We have learnt that about 18 years ago the old man, Ralph, fell down a lift shaft and broke no bones but felt shaken and was prone to bad headaches.

The seeds of suspicion have carefully been sown: here is someone a little at odds with the world, whose mind has been shaken, and he knows Sutherland's address, has seen his favourite photographs of his wife and child, has looked into the privacy of the man's wallet. In the shifting, amoral New York setting, apparent decency in handing back the wallet is something to be viewed with suspicion.

All proceeds gently for a while.

Patricia Highsmith brilliantly instils the ordinary with a sense of horror. She gives the feeling that in every shop, round every corner, there is some ordinary person who might at any moment tip over the brink into madness. In the case of Ralph it is clearly only a matter of time.

He becomes increasingly obsessed with Elsie, a beautiful young girl who works in a coffee bar. When Sutherland and his wife meet her they are also drawn to the girl, who is anything but the beautiful, virginal creature of Ralph's imagination.

Patricia Highsmith's excellence lies in her brilliant description of states of mind and her ability to see the bizarre in the ordinary: it is disappointing that she feels she has to put in the obviously bizarre, such as lesbian affairs, murders and so on. The intrusion of such run-of-the-mill shock-horror-drama ingredients of thriller-writing downgrades the literary achievement of this mistress of understatement and mystery. »→

I greatly enjoyed Emma Tennant's latest literary frolic, *The Adventures of Robina* by Herself, the tale of a young woman's downfall written in the style of the 18th century. As the editor, Emma Tennant says that the woman Robina told her the story "And I found, as I followed her adventures, that the ways and manners of a certain section of the society in which we live are virtually unchanged since the early 18th century. Thus Robina came out on the page somewhat influenced by the language of those times."

Robina is a virtuous, beautiful orphan full of good sentiments who is preyed upon by the hungry, aristocratic world into which she stumbles. She is sent by her uncle and aunt to be educated at an Establishment for Young Ladies in Oxford with only a green baize skirt, a black top off the shoulder and a short fur coat. On the journey down: "As luck would have it, my aunt's Fur Coat was the cause of the beginning of my life of Romance, for which I blame myself continually and regret the impetuous actions which brought my family into so much trouble . . . The coat, at a sudden stop of the Train, fell from the rack and on to the head of an old gentleman; and the next thing I heard was the sound of laughter in the Corridor, where a Young-Man of great beauty and elegance was standing . . ." The novel continues in this fashion, full of adventures and disasters and laments from the good Robina, made to go to the bad.

Judith Burnley's third novel, *The Woman Herself*, tells of a woman learning to cope after the death of her husband. Her earlier novels, *The Wife* and *Unrepentant Women*, also explore women trying to live with and without men. She writes elegantly and precisely, giving a lovely sense of people and places. The heroine of *The Woman Herself*, Sarah, is trying to regain her sense of identity after the shock of her husband's death: "I want to be independent," she says, "but I'm always getting waylaid, in my quest, by love. The truth is I want both, love and independence, and it seems they are incompatible." She weaves her way through love affairs to the conclusion: "Marriage! Husbands and wives as people to lean on. That isn't Love, it's mere dependency. One has to stand tall by oneself . . . One couldn't, one mustn't, tolerate a half life."

Wilbur Smith tells a very good tale, although it is dosed with too many adjectives. His latest stars two enemies, half-brothers, who are the sons of Centaine de Thiry Courtney from *The Burning Shore*. The period is from the Depression to the Second World War and the backgrounds of war and hatred include Africa, Germany and Abyssinia. It is an ambitious, well researched drama which will no doubt as usual sell very well indeed.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Selling Hitler

by Robert Harris

Faber & Faber, £10.95

The idea that Hitler kept diaries, and that these had suddenly come to light 40 years after his death, was exciting enough to cause a considerable number of normally sensible people to act irrationally. For their own reasons they wanted, or were easily persuaded, to believe that crude forgeries were the real thing. The Editor of *The Times* was one of those taken in. He thought they smelt right. But what he took to be the smell of old documents came in fact from post-war paper with tea poured over it, as was quickly established when the diaries were finally sent for forensic examination.

By then it was too late for *The Times* and *The Sunday Times*, which had started to publish the diaries in this country, and for *Stern* magazine in Germany, which had initiated the project. The latter's management had for two years been handing over suitcases full of cash in exchange for these worthless forgeries carried out by a man with many aliases and a prison record. It is a sad and at times farcical story of deceit, greed and gullibility, very well written and researched by Robert Harris.

The Stones of Britain

by Richard Muir

Michael Joseph, £15.95

The nature of the British landscape is largely dictated by the rock on which it is made, and its remarkable variety reflects the fundamental differences in our geological roots. Yet rock and stone are probably the least understood of all the elements that make up the countryside. "Stone," writes the author, "is something we tend to take for granted."

Geology is a science and a technical subject, but Dr Muir has managed to communicate his enthusiasm without the use of too many technical terms, and provides here a readable and easily understandable introduction to the part stone plays in our landscape, and to the use man has made of it from prehistory to the modern age, which Dr Muir has sadly to conclude is the mid winter of the stone-building era.

More Letters of Oscar Wilde

Edited by Rupert Hart-Davis

John Murray, £12.50

The meticulous and scholarly standard of editing practised by Sir Rupert Hart-Davis for the *Collected Letters of Oscar Wilde* is again much in evidence in this new volume, an unexpected bonus brought about by the discovery of another batch of letters, of which 164 are published in this edition. Many of them are concerned with details from the production of his plays, but the new letters embrace all periods of his life, including his imprisonment".

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK FICTION

- 1 (—) **The Complete Yes Minister** by Jonathan Lynn and Anthony Jay
BBC, £8.75
Almost as good as the Westland saga.
- 2 (3) **Hawksmoor** by Peter Ackroyd
Hamish Hamilton, £9.95
A major novel that should have won prizes.
- 3 (2) **London Match** by Len Deighton
Century Hutchinson, £8.95
Last volume in a stunning spy trilogy.
- 4 (1) **Break In** by Dick Francis
Michael Joseph, £8.95
Horse racing again provides an exciting background to a master of the game.
- 5 (6) **The Mammoth Hunters** by Jean M. Auel
Hodder & Stoughton, £10.95
Third in the prehistoric earth children series.
- 6 (7) **Texas** by James A. Michener
Secker & Warburg, £10.95
Everything you wanted to know about it.
- 7 (4) **A Maggot** by John Fowles
Jonathan Cape, £9.95
It promises at the start to be a masterpiece but by the end is a little less than that.
- 8 (5) **The Bone People** by Keri Hulme
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95
The 1985 Booker Prize winner.
- 9 (—) **Kara Kush** by Idries Shah
Collins, £10.95
As up-to-date as Afghans fighting Russians.
- 10 (10) **The Good Apprentice** by Iris Murdoch
Chatto & Windus, £9.95
The usual brilliantly complicated plot with good and evil fighting it out.

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (1) **In Person: The Prince and Princess of Wales** by Alistair Burnet
ITN/Michael O'Mara Books, £7.95
The nicest sort of hagiography.
- 2 (—) **The Living Isles** by Peter Crawford
BBC, £14.95
A brilliantly planned natural history of the British Isles to go with the TV series.
- 3 (3) **Blessings in Disguise** by Alec Guinness
Hamish Hamilton, £9.95
Modest, fascinating, witty autobiography.
- 4 (4) **One is Fun!** by Delia Smith
Hodder & Stoughton, £7.95
Useful cookery book for those who live alone.
- 5 (2) **Guinness Book of Records 1986**
edited by Norris McWhirter
Guinness Books, £6.95
Indispensable for almost every argument.
- 6 (10) **The Kingdom of the Ice Bear** by Hugh Miles and Mike Salisbury
BBC, £12.95
The book of the TV series.
- 7 (—) **Holocaust** by Martin Gilbert
Collins, £15
A definitive account of the Jewish tragedy.
- 8 (5) **Coronation Street: 25 Years** by Graham Nown
Ward Lock, £7.95
If twice weekly on the box is not enough, here is an additional dose.
- 9 (—) **Take Twelve Cooks** by Kay Avila
Macdonald, £7.95
Your chance to play the Roux Brothers.
- 10 (7) **Born Lucky** by John Francome
Pelham Books, £9.95
A nicely written autobiography of the most successful steeplechase jockey in history.

PAPERBACK FICTION

- 1 (—) **If Tomorrow Comes** by Sidney Sheldon
Pan, £2.95
A pretty readable blockbuster.
- 2 (7) **Hotel du Lac** by Anita Brookner
Panther, £1.95
The deceptively simple 1984 Booker winner.
- 3 (—) **Foreign Affairs** by Alison Lurie
Abacus, £3.50
An American invades British academia.
- 4 (1) **Strong Medicine** by Arthur Hailey
Pan, £2.95
Behind the scenes in medicine.
- 5 (2) **Growing Pains of Adrian Mole** by Sue Townsend
Methuen, £1.95
It's that wretched boy again, as funny as ever.
- 6 (—) **Thinner** by Richard Bachman
New English Library, £2.50
Stephen King under another name.
- 7 (5) **Mistral's Daughter** by Judith Krantz
Bantam, £2.95
The painter who is better at handling canvases than people.
- 8 (8) **Heaven** by Virginia Andrews
Fontana, £2.75
Gushing story of a girl's search for happiness.
- 9 (4) **Secret Diary of Adrian Mole, Aged 13½**
Methuen, £1.95
Is there anyone who hasn't read this yet?
- 10 (3) **The Bear's Tears** by Craig Thomas
Sphere, £2.95
Another Russian spy story, but well done.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (—) **Simply Divine** by Rev John Eley and Rabbi Lionel Blue
BBC, £1.95
A Roman Catholic and a Jew bring fun.
- 2 (1) **Spitting Image** by John Lloyd
Faber, £3.95
Cocking a snook at the Establishment.
- 3 (—) **Out of Africa** by Karen Blixen
Penguin, £3.95
African autobiography of the Danish writer.
- 4 (2) **Floyd on Fish** by Keith Floyd
BBC, £3.95
Low in calories and high in taste.
- 5 (9) **E for Additives** by Maurice Hanssen
Thorsons, £2.95
You will soon be afraid to eat anything.
- 6 (8) **Whispering Voices** by Doris Stokes
Futura, £1.95
Reminiscences of a famous medium.
- 7 (—) **The Shirley Goode Kitchen** by Shirley Goode
BBC, £1.95
Useful for the harassed mother.
- 8 (—) **Hollywood Babylon II** by Kenneth Anger
Arrow, £5.95
Formula Hollywood novel.
- 9 (4) **With Geldof in Africa** by David Blundy & Paul Valley
Times Books, £5.95
The maestro of fund raisers sees for himself.
- 10 (—) **Ordnance Survey Motoring Atlas of Great Britain**
Ordnance Survey/Temple, £3.75
A useful adjunct for the car.

Brackets show last month's position.
Information from National Book League.
Comments by Martyn Goff.

Kindred spirits in Wales

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

A perennial complaint I hear concerns the high prices of most hotels in Britain when compared with those of hotels of an equivalent standard in France. Why should it cost from £60 to £150 a night for a room for two with half board when across the Channel there is such an enormous choice of hotels charging only half as much?

Answering this question is not a simple matter. The high tariffs in Britain are partly the result of the high cost of land and partly because so few hotels in this country are passed on from one generation to another, so new owners have to face up to mortgages and bank loans as well as running costs. The charges may also be based on what the proprietor can get away with.

For those who seek agreeable but not unduly opulent establishments, I recommend a newcomer to the hotel scene which meets these criteria—Tyddyn Llan at Llandrillo, in the beautiful Vale of Edeyrnion in Clywd, northern Wales. It is a promising addition to the range of reasonably priced, value-for-money

hostelries. The owner, Peter Kindred, a former television set-designer (yes, he once worked on *Fawlty Towers*), and his wife, Bridget, fell in love with this part of north Wales and gave up city life and the media to restore a run-down 18th-century house on the edge of the village. They started it as a bed-and-breakfast establishment in 1984 and later opened a restaurant which quickly built up a local reputation. For very reasonable prices they provide a comfortable, home-like atmosphere and good, but not elaborate, food.

The Kindreds' design training has stood them in good stead. Public rooms and bedrooms (only six at present, four with bathrooms) are charmingly but unaffectedly decorated. Some of the bedrooms are quite small, but all are decorated in light colours and prettily and unfussily furnished; period details have been retained. The sitting-room is comfortable, too, with attractive furniture and paintings, magazines and books about Wales scattered about, and a discreet television. You could

happily spend a wet Sunday morning here reading newspapers and drinking coffee.

The unpretentious style continues in the dining-room, which has well spaced tables, soft lighting and an interesting three-course menu (in English), each with six choices. The main course includes local lamb, fresh trout and home-grown vegetables, all simply and well cooked. Desserts are particularly delicious. The wine list, though fairly short, offers good and very reasonably priced wines. Service is by quietly-spoken local girls. A catholic selection of taped music—Mozart to Modern Jazz Quartet—plays in the background.

Mr Kindred runs the place with a small staff and a minimum of fuss; he seems to be always at hand, acting as barman and *maitre d'hôtel*, and offering advice on local attractions. Doubtless this omnipresence is one of the secrets of his success. Other recommendable reasonably priced hotels are listed below.

Tyddyn Llan Country House Hotel and Restaurant, Llandrillo, near Corwen, Clwyd

LL21 OST (049084 264). Dinner, bed and breakfast £22.75 (£26.25 with bath); for mini-breaks of two or more nights, except July to September, £21 (or £24.50); for seven nights £143.50 (or £168).

The Long House, Pylle Road, Pilton, Somerset BA4 4BP (074 989 701). Friendly establishment in small, peaceful village; shared tables for 7.30pm dinner. Dinner, bed and breakfast £22.75, reduced to £17.75 for a seven-night stay.

Highbullen Hotel, Chittlehamholt, Umberleigh, Devon EX37 9HD (076 94 561). Large country house overlooking beautiful valley; swimming pools, tennis courts, golf course. Dinner, bed and breakfast £27.50-£35.

Ashwick Country House Hotel and Restaurant, near Dulverton, Somerset TA22 9QD (0398 23868). Small, welcoming country house set 900 feet up in Exmoor National Park. Dinner, bed and breakfast £27, reduced to £22.75 for seven nights.

High Fell, Alston, Cumbria CA9 3BP (0498 81597). Highly civilized hotel in remote moorland. Bed and breakfast £15.50-£19.50; *à la carte* dinner about £16.

The above tariffs are for accommodation per person per night and include VAT. Hilary Rubinstein is editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*.



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Yielding to adventurousness

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

This month I decided to step a little way off the beaten track, which is to say the track I have been beating for myself and I hope others in previous articles. Even as I made the decision I realized it meant a yielding to "adventurousness", the craving for novelty that seems to afflict every restaurant writer sooner or later—in my case, after only half a dozen trips down the straight and narrow. This tendency must be vigilantly checked before I land myself and my readers in one of those delightful little Namibian cook-ins hidden away behind Herne Hill underground station.

To Walton's in South Kensington I accordingly went, to find, what must be emphasized at once, that the place is very much on the beaten track as regards comfort, space, quiet and standard of service. The staff were not only polite but also friendly, which for me includes the odd touch of mild banter. The dining-room is perhaps a little small for my preference and interior-decorated like billy-oh, with two sets of curtains, black glass panels and some of the light coming out of irregularly-perforated, junior-size footballs in chromium. All the drinks we had were excellent and properly served.

Pride of place among them was taken by a bottle of Calon-Ségur 1961, an old friend of mine which I will go on about a bit here to rub up my wine-virtuoso image. When I poured a claret-fancying mate some in 1978 or so he said of course it was marvellous but not yet at the top of its form. The other week of course it was marvellous—the nose especially was immense—but it was probably rather past the top of its form, just slightly attenuated. So if your uncle, or nephew, has any left, persuade him to let you help him drink it up in short order. (By the way, the wine-waiter amiably brought me the label afterwards, unasked.)

The food was most interesting, which to my mind is not a 100 per cent commendation. There was almost nothing on the menu I had eaten before, not at least in the form in which it was offered. However I caught a lobster bisque as soup of the day and very good it was, eminently authentic, so much so that it captured the faint foulness, as of some rare organic poison, to be found in fresh lobster. Somebody had worked on the terrine for hours to turn it into a sort of savoury blancmange which unfortunately tasted of very little, though the ensemble, with a small intact crayfish hunched protectively over it, had a certain eye-appeal. Starters I passed over included game soup with profiteroles and a salad of pigeon breast with chicken oysters (could it be?) and truffles.

Truffles have always struck me as a suspect idea at best. An underground mushroom snuffled out by pigs in the intervals of scoffing acorns among much else, and at one time traced by goats in Sardinia, lacks immediacy of attraction, and the fragments that turned up with my guest's plateful of duck proved on investigation to taste of nothing so much as a shred of mushroom-skin—pretty subtle, in fact. They had certainly contributed nothing perceptible to the dish in question, which had no taste of duck either, or of good duck. The same sort of objection applied to my fillets of Dover sole.



PIANE LEADPETER

These were stuffed with some bright green spongy material which nudged out Chinese water-chestnut (NW3 Chinese restaurant style) from its long-held spot as the most totally flavour-free substance ever to have passed my lips. With it went a rich sauce, and some (beautifully made) pastry, and another crouching crayfish.

That was rather how it went throughout. Everything was stuffed with knobs of lobster or served with an unusual creamy sauce of foie gras and bay or accompanied by a tartlet of glazed this resting on a bed of marinated that, or all three—which is not to say that these trimmings were not sometimes delicious in themselves, or that dubious materials were being covered up. And I suppose a more "adventurous" soul than myself would have charged at the fresh snails with hazelnuts in puff-pastry panels and not known which way to turn between the date and armagnac ice-cream and the chocolate mousse with filbert filling. But I seriously think that such a menu should include a dish or two in each category, like plain consommé, unadorned lamb cutlets, and naked sorbet, for those who find themselves a wee bit out of their element.

What sort of people would find themselves in

their element at Walton's? Well, Americans, who were there in force while I was there. A small book needs to be written on their general influence on the public serving of food and drink in places like London. It has largely been very good: cleanliness, comfort, honest portions, decent drinks, fresh salads and a greater overall attention to customers' wants. But they like fuss, they like trend, they like pretentiousness, they care more for promise than performance, presentation than substance, as they do in their literature. (A rather less small book needs to be written on that.)

I once took two American friends, mother and daughter, to the restaurant that serves the best fish in London—whose name you will need red-hot pincers to wring from me. The money there goes on the food, not the tablecloths or crockery or unusual creamy sauces. Alas, it was soon clear that X's was not the place to take an American. Walton's is. But it should be strongly stated that Brits will do well enough there too, particularly if they leave their diet-sheets at the door.

Walton's Restaurant, 121 Walton Street, London SW3 (584 0204). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30pm, 7.30-11.30pm, Sun 12.30-2pm, 7.30-10.30pm.

CITY TASTES

Corney & Barrow

44 Cannon St, EC4 (248 1700).

One of three newish addresses at which wine merchants Corney & Barrow now supply lunch to the City's whizz-kids. The restaurant, designed by Tchaik Chassay, is a pink vaulted cellar lit by ceiling starlights under a wine bar and wine shop.

The weekly changing menu includes hot starters, a good selection of fish, and offal among the meat dishes. All are prettily presented with the opportunity of sampling Corney & Barrow's fine list of wines marked up by about 100 per cent which may prompt a later order by the case for home consumption.

Expensive—and possibly over-fussy for some—at £50 plus for two.

Mon-Fri 11.30am-3pm.

Le Champenois

Cutlers Gardens, 10 Devonshire Sq, EC2 (283 7888).

This new basement restaurant submerged among 500,000 square feet of office development is spacious and coolly elegant. Its gun-metal grey décor and the shape of the stepped dining area and bar suggest a dining room on an ocean liner.

Ambitious starters on the daily changing menu have included poached oysters served warm on sliced avocado, and roast calves' kidneys deglazed with calvados. Main courses are served in *nouvelle* style with small side plates of

the day's vegetables. Thirty champagnes in the extensive wine list—and hardly a woman to be seen. Another £50-plus-for-two place.

Mon-Fri 11.30am-2.30pm, bar snacks 5-8pm.

Rowley's

3 St Alphage High Walk, EC2 (638 9151).

The only choices are the starter of Mexican or green salad with vinaigrette or Roquefort dressing. Otherwise, you are served the charcoal-grilled steak, buttery sauce and as many *pommes frites* as you can eat. Good value at £9.25 a person. Desserts are extra as is wine at £5.80 for house French.

Mon-Fri noon-3pm, 6-11pm.

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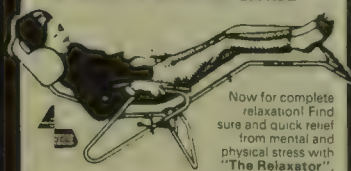
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WINE

The revival of madeira

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT



From the early 18th to the mid 19th century madeira was perhaps the most popular and versatile of all wines and certainly found in every self-respecting cellar. It was also the wine of the American colonies, its robust constitution enabling it to survive in conditions of heat and humidity which turned lighter wines into vinegar.

In the 1850s the vineyards on the island of Madeira were all but wiped out by a disease of the vine, oidium, and had no sooner been replanted and got back into something like full production when the dreaded phylloxera got a hold. The madeira wine trade, pioneered and entirely dominated by the British, could hardly survive two body blows and went through a long period of depression. Some firms disappeared, others amalgamated. Sales of madeira between the two world wars languished and what little was shipped seemed to be destined solely for the kitchen.

Yet, happily, the trade survived and is back on its feet. Moreover, to give us a taste of the past, top quality madeira can still be found, albeit in small quantities. There appear to be two basic reasons. First, the grapes are grown mainly by small farmers. In most instances vines form only part of their crop and they put some wines on one side for a rainy day, or for a dowry. The aristocratic landowners also kept stocks of their finest wines, as did some of the British shippers. The other reason is that, thanks to its unique production methods, top-quality madeira happens to be virtually indestructible and can survive even poor storage conditions.

The main styles of madeira are named after the four major vine varieties. The Sercial grape, believed to have its origins in Riesling vines imported a couple of centuries ago, produces the palest and driest wine. It resembles in colour and strength a dry white port: palish yellow to yellow amber and ranging from acidically dry to medium dry. Verdelho is next: palish amber, medium sweet, tangy bouquet and flavour. Bual is deeper amber, sweeter and tangier still, with a burnt, singed, grapy smell and taste. Malmsey is the sweetest and most luscious of the quartet.

Yet, confusingly, one grape whose name does not appear on any label, the Tinta Negra Mole, accounts for between 50 and 60 per cent of the total production. It is the chameleon of the wine world, for the type of wine it is capable of making depends

on where it is grown. At the highest altitudes, where the Sercial thrives, it produces a Sercial type of wine, at sea level a richer style. The use of classic grape names for wines made with the ubiquitous Tinta Negra Mole is correctly but inconveniently being questioned by the EEC.

Madeira is a fortified wine, as are sherry and port, but one important step in the wine-making process is unique: the *estufado* system in which the wine is heated for a period of time, producing its singed, tangy character.

The wine is traditionally stored in barrels in the loft where it bakes in the hot Madeira sun. In the 18th century casks of madeira were stowed away in the holds of ships sailing to the East and West Indies, the rolling of the ship and the tropical heat giving the already robust young wine a sort of premature aging and a distinctly "hot" tang. Indeed, it is this "tang"—a pungent, singed bouquet and flavour punctuated with high acidity—which makes madeira unmistakable.

The cheaper commercial varieties of madeira tend to be rather bland, the drier sort trying to compete with sherry in style and price. In my opinion the shippers should stick to the finer and richer qualities. A small market, perhaps, but more profitable. Of the reasonably priced wines currently on the market I like Barbeito's Crown Malmsey shipped by Deinhardts and still produced in an attractive wicker-covered flask. (price about £6).

Somewhat more expensive, and representing the sort of style and quality upon which a madeira house could re-build its reputation and business, is Blandy's 10-year-old Malmsey (£11.25). It has a lively,

nutty bouquet with a whiff of high volatile acidity unacceptable in most wines but very much a fine madeira trade mark. It is sweet, rich and malty.

Cossart Gordon, one of the oldest and best names in the business and, with Blandy's, now part of the Madeira Wine Company, market a standard range and two beauties labelled Duo Centenary Celebration, a Sercial and a Bual. The retail price is around £15.50 a bottle.

In the older and rarer realms, the two principal auction houses are the main source of supply. Odd bottles of 19th-century vintages and *soleras* appear in most Fine Wine sales. A bottle of the 1790—the famous vintage supplied by Blandy's to Napoleon for his final exile—was sold recently at Christie's for £800. It was from a pipe picked up *en route* for St Helena which was returned, unbroached, to Funchal and bottled in 1840.

Some fabulous old madeiras ranging in price from £36 to nearly £60 a bottle are stocked by Hedges & Butler of Regent Street. I tasted half a dozen last autumn. Just to enter the tasting room was intoxicating—an almost overpowering scent emanated. An 1860 *solera* Sercial of Cossart Gordon had a pale amber colour, an exceptionally refined, ethereal bouquet, like no other wine. It was medium-sweet on entry but finished very dry. In between, it had a lovely texture and great elegance though, with its acid edge, not everyone's style of wine.

I cannot imagine anyone not falling for Blandy's 1864 *solera* Gran Cama de Lobos: a pure amber colour with apple-green rim; glorious, fragrant multi-faceted bouquet, with a whiff which reminded me of a fine old cognac; medium sweetness and body, fabulous flavour, great length, warm, tangy finish and glowing aftertaste. Cossart's 1845 Centenary Solera was a deeper amber, with a rich, tangy, high-toned, slightly malty bouquet; fairly sweet, rich, attractive, complete. Blandy's 1863 *solera* Malmsey was glorious: rich, tangy again, ethereal; sweet, intensely concentrated flavour and great length. Blandy's 1880 vintage Malmsey was very volatile and I thought a bit too sharp, but Cossart's 1920 vintage Malmsey was outstanding, if expensive. It had a bouquet of crystallized violets and on the palate was sweet, full, soft, malty.

To learn more about the wine, read Noël Cossart's *Madeira* (Christie's Wine Publications). It is authoritative, detailed and fascinating ○

A range of reading

BY JOHN NUNN

Once again it is time for a book review column. I have selected a wide range of books, covering topics from the historical to the highly theoretical.

The historical aspect is covered in *The Kings of Chess* by William Hartston (Pavilion/Michael Joseph, £12.95), which deals with the lives of the world's most famous players from Philidor to Karpov. This is not an original subject, but previous efforts have been either historically accurate and dry, or readable but full of errors and unsubstantiated anecdotes. Hartston manages to write in entertaining style while sticking to the facts. The characters come alive as human beings, but without giving the false impression that top chess players are invariably close to insanity. I did, however, gain the impression that to be world champion an enormous ego is essential. The book is attractively produced and would make an excellent present. My only quibble is with the high price, doubtless due to the generous selection of photographs.

No such excuse is possible for *Chess Curiosities* by Tim Krabbé (George Allen & Unwin, £12.95). This is too high a price for 230 pages and it is unfortunate that such an interesting book should be handicapped in this way. It is almost impossible to summarize the contents, but in essence it deals with the exceptional and unusual in chess, both in over-the-board play and chess composition. Who could resist the tragic story of the Frenchman Pierre Drumare who tried for decades without success to compose a problem showing a particular promotion theme, only to have the honours snatched by the Soviet composer Yarosh? Highly recommended.

Neither of the above books will help to improve your play, but all the remaining titles attempt to achieve this one way or another. Among the opening books, *Play the Nimzo-Indian Defence* by S. Gligorić (Pergamon, £9.95, softback £5.95) provides a useful introduction to one of the most popular contemporary openings, written by an acknowledged expert. There are plenty of illustrated games and the material is detailed enough for all except the most serious players.

Open Gambits by George Botterill (B. T. Batsford, softback £6.95) is a careful examination of some old-fashioned gambit lines in the king's pawn openings. These are very infrequently played by top players today and this book certainly shows why. Almost without exception, one

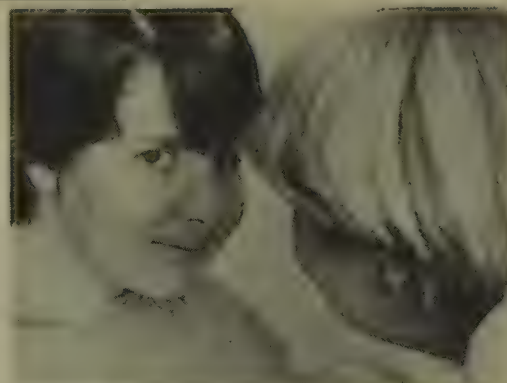
19th-century line after another is analysed and demolished. The author obviously took great care to be objective, but at the end I was left wondering about the point of the book since it merely confirms currently held opinions. On the other hand it makes a change from the many opening books purporting to resurrect an old opening but containing analysis which must have been conducted through rose-tinted glasses.

It is unusual to find a chess book dealing with an original topic, but *Endgame Strategy* by M. I. Shereshevsky (Pergamon, £12.50, softback £7.50) does precisely that. Many books are available which cover the basic positions that arise when very few pieces are left, but the more difficult subject of less simplified endgames has hardly been touched upon. Play in such positions is governed by principles quite different from those relating to other phases of the game. Great endgame players have an intuitive understanding of these principles, but mere mortals have a harder time. *Endgame Strategy* is full of good advice and should prove helpful to many players.

Two books are particularly appropriate for younger readers. *Teach Yourself Chess* by William Hartston (Hodder and Stoughton, softback £3.50) is an inexpensive introduction to the game and assumes no chess knowledge whatsoever. By its very nature this type of book inevitably covers roughly the same material as other elementary texts, but Hartston's clear explanations make this one of the best recent efforts. Curiously, Chapter 1 ends with a couple of exercises for the reader, but no more appear in the later chapters.

For keen young players who already know something of the game, *Improve Your Chess Results* by Vladimir Zak (B. T. Batsford, softback £6.50) is a useful book written by an experienced Soviet trainer. I particularly liked the author's choice of positions taken from recent junior games, rather than the hoary old examples which are reprinted time and time again ○

The Oakham School International Chess Tournament for the world's top junior players is to be held from April 2 to 10. Spectators are welcome and a free booklet containing all 180 games of the 1984 inaugural event is on offer to *ILN* readers. It can be obtained by sending a 22p sae to Mr Blackmore, Oakham School Enterprises, Oakham, Leicestershire LE15 6DT.



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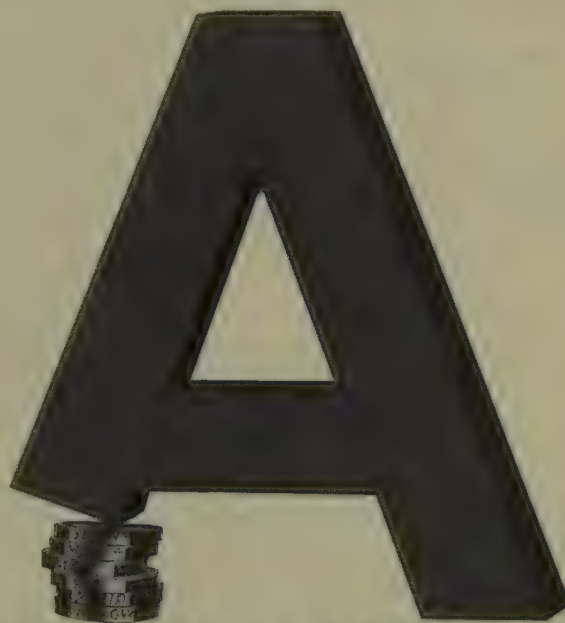
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The Duke of Windsor with Mrs Simpson
after his abdication, 1937.

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BRIDGE

Danger of complacency

BY JACK MARX

When on dummy being spread declarer is gratified to note that he is in a good contract with the odds decidedly in his favour, he may well become complacent and make no attempt to improve on these odds. This attitude was responsible for a substantial loss to the team occupying the East-West seats at the first table on this hand from a friendly team-of-four match.

♠ A	♠ 8764	
♥ 1096	♥ AJ53	
♦ K76532	♦ AQJ9	
♣ AJ6	♣ 5	

South was dealer at Love All and the bidding at the first table suggests that a fit in two suits between the partners may not simplify their task as it can confront them with a choice.

South	West	North	East
No	1♦	1♠	2♥
No	3♦	No	5♦
No	6♦	All Pass	

If East-West had been using the "negative" or so-called "sputnik" double, which implied some support for the other major as well as tolerance at least for partner's opening suit, they would have felt less troubled. However, this refinement was not in their repertoire, so East was faced with an awkward choice between bidding the hearts at the two level on a four-card suit or raising diamonds directly to three, a move that was not only vague but failed to do full justice to his total values. He chose the heart bid as the lesser evil and West pleased him by preferring to rebid diamonds rather than raising the scrappy hearts. And so they eventually reached their small slam in a somewhat happy-go-lucky fashion.

West won North's lead of Spade King and drew two rounds of trumps. The contract seemed to hinge on nothing more hazardous than a double finesse in hearts, it being not too much to hope that the opponent making the defenders' sole bid would hold one of the missing honours. Unfortunately for West the complete deal turned out to be:

♠ KQ1053	Dealer
♥ 82	South
♦ 84	Love All
♣ K1098	

♠ A	♠ 8764
♥ 1096	♥ AJ53
♦ K76532	♦ AQJ9
♣ AJ6	♣ 5

♠ J92
♥ KQ74
♦ 10
♣ Q7432

At the other table the bidding was scarcely more scientific, but West

made a much better job of the play.

South	West	North	East
No	1♦	1♠	2♣
2♣	3♣	No	5♦
No	6♦	All Pass	

East found the solution, if that is the term, to his problem as responder with a comic bid in clubs, though in fact it worked out quite well. West won the spade lead and played a trump to East's Queen. He realized that a complete elimination play was not possible here. There would be no trumps left in dummy after exhausting the two hands of the black suits and drawing trumps, and South could exit with a club when pushed in with a heart finesse. But West had noted the fall of South's Ten of trumps, a likely singleton, and embarked on a partial elimination.

A club to his Ace was followed by a club ruff, a spade ruff, a second club ruff, a second spade ruff. The Heart Ten was run to the Queen, but South was now helpless. On his Club lead West threw a heart and ruffed with dummy's last trump. Declarer returned to hand with a spade ruff to draw North's last remaining trump.

There can be a variant of elimination play in the case of no-trump contracts. On the hand below, South had arrived fairly simply at Three no-trumps with only one overcall by opponents, One Spade from West.

♠ 543	Dealer South
♥ A62	North-South
♦ KQJ2	Game
♣ QJ10	
♠ Q10862	♠ J9
♥ J95	♥ Q1073
♦ A4	♦ 653
♣ K32	♣ 9764
	♠ AK7
	♥ K84
	♦ 10987
	♣ A85

After West's small spade lead South took East's Jack with Ace. He did not duck this trick, since he had need of his small spade later to throw the lead to West. Diamond Ace is knocked out, South won the next spade and cashed his three winning diamonds. On these West has to find two discards and, if he is to keep his spade length, he has to let go a club and a heart.

South estimates that on the bidding West most probably holds the Club King, so the finesse against it must be avoided if at all possible. South therefore endeavours to extract West's exit cards, and, when he has done so, proceeds to plant him with his own winning spades. West, after taking these three tricks, has to concede to declarer the Club Queen and with it his nine-trick contract ○

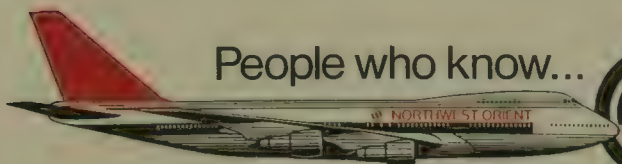


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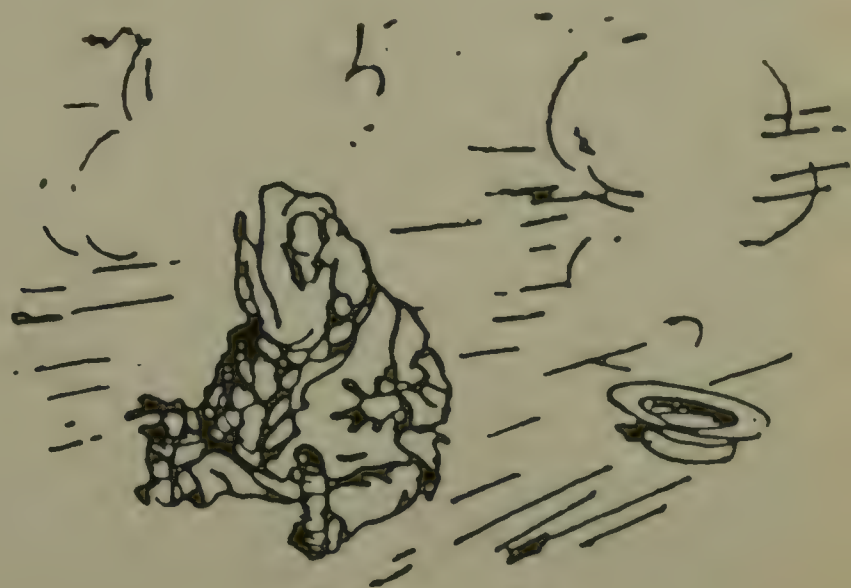
T

he motor car dates from 1886, when Benz and Daimler were awarded patents for their petrol-driven internal combustion engines. Kenneth Grahame was one of the first to record the effect cars could have when he described, in *The Wind in the Willows*, the small cloud of dust that advanced on Toad and his friends at incredible speed. “They had a moment’s glimpse of an interior of glittering plate-glass and rich morocco, and the magnificent motor-car, immense,

breath-snatching, passionate, with its pilot tense and hugging his wheel, possessed all earth and air for the fraction of a second, flung an enveloping cloud of dust that blinded and enwrapped them utterly, and then dwindled to a speck in the far distance . . .

“Toad sat straight down in the middle of the dusty road, his legs stretched out before him, and stared fixedly in the direction of the disappearing motor-car. He breathed short, his face wore a placid, satisfied expression . . .

. . . and at intervals he
faintly murmured
‘Poop-poop!’ . . .”





The Illustrated London News captured the excitement of the new motor age in this drawing, "Motor Mania", in 1908, the year *The Wind in the Willows* was published.



The Edwardian era saw the development of the motor car's social significance. As *The*



Graphic magazine noted, a car often figured in the gifts at 'important' weddings.



The drive-in movie was a popular combination of the entertainment and car industries after the war and before the TV age began, particularly in the USA.



Many developments in cars have been pioneered on the racing circuit. After this



incident in 1977, both James Hunt (1) and John Watson (7) carried on with the race.

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PIONEERS OF THE MOTORING AGE

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu traces the evolution of the motor car during the last 100 years and the quest for technical perfection of the world's prestigious manufacturers.

The public must be forgiven if they are confused or have even been misled about the correct date of the century of the motor car. In spite of certain activities in 1884 and 1885 organized for nationalistic or commercial reasons, the fact is that all the

leading motoring historians and museum authorities unanimously recognize 1886 as the true centenary, and in particular January 29, 1886, as the date when the patent for the first practical car with a petrol-driven internal combustion engine was issued in Berlin to Karl Benz of Mannheim. Two months later, Gottlieb Daimler, who lived only a short distance away near Stuttgart, unveiled his four-wheeled motor vehicle and formed a company to manufacture it. Hence, there is no doubt that Benz and Daimler (who, incidentally, never met) are the true first inventors of the motor vehicle as we know it today.

Over the first 100 years of evolution it is remarkable how many technical innovations and mechanical variations have been applied to the task of transporting humans, animals and goods safely and comfortably along the roads of the world. All this since the German pioneers, Karl Benz and Gottlieb Daimler and his collaborator Wilhelm Maybach, with such French experimenters as Panhard, Levasor, Peugeot, Bouhon and Count de Dion, even Mr Knight of Farnham, set off along the path towards the realization of the car. Within 10 years in Great Britain there were equally accomplished builders of pioneer petrol-motors, such as Daimler, under licence, Lanchester and Wolseley. Once they had become established the pace quickened.

The earliest Benz cars had belt-drive and a sort of crude gas-engine in the boot, with exposed big-end to its single horizontal cylinder, started by pulling on the flywheel. Herbert Austin at Wolseley used horizontally mounted power-plants and beehive radiators, and George Lanchester worked along highly unconventional lines, producing unusual motor-carriages sufficiently quiet and well-sprung to enthrall Rudyard Kipling. It was, however, left to the German Daimler Company, with its Mercedes-Simplex of 1901, to set the fashion and shape of the car we know today, with its easily controlled four-cylinder, water-cooled engine, channel-section, steel chassis-frame, gate gear-change and honeycomb radiator. Before this, the general concept was of a horseless carriage, with the engine in front where the horses would have been, driving the back wheels through a sliding-pinion gearbox, of which Levasor had said "it is crude, but it works".

Progress towards better, faster automobiles was assisted by the races which the French organized over the long, ruler-straight *routes nationales*. The end came, so far as open-road, town-to-town contests were concerned, after a fearsome number of accidents in the Paris to Madrid race of 1903, which was stopped by government decree at Marseilles; but not before Gabriel on a 60hp Mors had averaged 65.3mph for the 542 hazardous miles. The horseless carriage was indeed outpacing the express train. In Britain the motor car was universally disliked and it was not until 1896 that the law requiring a man to precede it was rescinded and the speed limit upped from 4 to 12mph, a landmark celebrated on November 14, 1896, by the original Brighton Run.

So while the automobile forged ahead on the Continent, at home it was slower to develop, although pro-



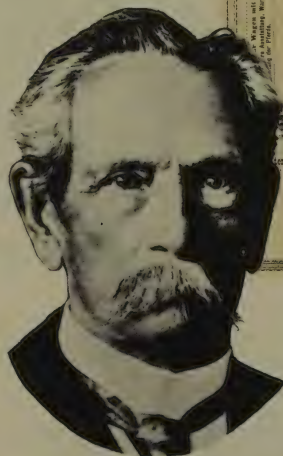
The Prince of Wales takes his first car ride in July, 1900.

gress was accelerated after Locke King built the Brooklands Motor Course at Weybridge, spending £150,000 on this 2½ mile banked track in 1906-7. Already cars were capable of around 100mph, the fastest-ever record standing at that time at over 121mph by an American Stanley steamer. The car had become sufficiently dependable to be used by doctors and commercial travellers and the wealthy used powerful models for ambitious Continental tours, which cost more in tyre replacement than in petrol.

The opening of Brooklands brought improvements in engine and tyre reliability and showed the desirability of reducing wind-drag, although it was not until long after the Second World War that low drag-coefficients for production-car bodywork were taken seriously. Closed coachwork had made its appearance, immediately increasing the pleasure and popularity of motoring. The mechanism of the chassis was more manageable; electric ignition, at first by low-tension, later by high-

tension magneto developed by Bosch, had replaced the unpredictable hot-tube burners used originally by Gottlieb Daimler. De Dion Bouton had introduced the high-speed, internal-combustion engine by the turn of the century, making their reliable vehicles in large quantities.

In 1906 the Rolls-Royce Company adopted a one-make policy with its immortal 40/50hp Silver Ghost, which set such high standards of ghostly quiet and mechanical integrity that it earned the coveted reputation as the "best car in the world". The nearest British rival was the Coventry-built Daimler, used by the royal family, which from 1909 had the American-invented Knight double-sleeve-valve engine in the pursuit of similar silent running, but at the expense of high oil consumption. In the USA in 1908 Henry Ford introduced his universal Model-T, with crash-proof, two-speed epicyclic gears, which was to bring motoring to the masses and especially to those who had previously had only horses to open up the outbacks. ➔



Karl Benz of Mannheim, left received the patent for his motorwagen on January 29, 1886. The integration of engine and chassis in his three-wheeled vehicle was a revolutionary new concept.



The first true inventors of the motor car as we know it today.

1886-1889



Gottlieb Daimler of Cannstatt, above, patented one of the first successful internal combustion engines in 1885, and in 1886 produced a petrol-driven four-wheeled car in collaboration with Wilhelm Maybach. Left is their metal-wheeled car of 1889.



At home and abroad the automobile takes shape and takes off.

1890-1914

► of North America. The strong but simple, and very low-priced Model T, which was also being made in Manchester from 1911, was to sell more than 15 million by 1927, when the more conventional Model A Ford replaced it. So, as the lights went out all over Europe in 1914, cars, motorcycles and commercial vehicles were available, ranging from tiny one-cylinder runabouts to the most magnificent six-cylinder limousines and heavy duty lorries.

The war introduced motoring to a great many, particularly women, who had previously known nothing about it, as they were taught during their military service to maintain or even drive vehicles. So with the 1918 Armistice came a widespread desire to buy motor transport, often with demob pay, and enjoy the great freedom of the then still-open road. As a result large numbers of new manufacturers came into being but many were short-lived. The need for economy cars to combat the high price of petrol produced the primitive "cyclecar", often air-cooled with chain or belt-drive.

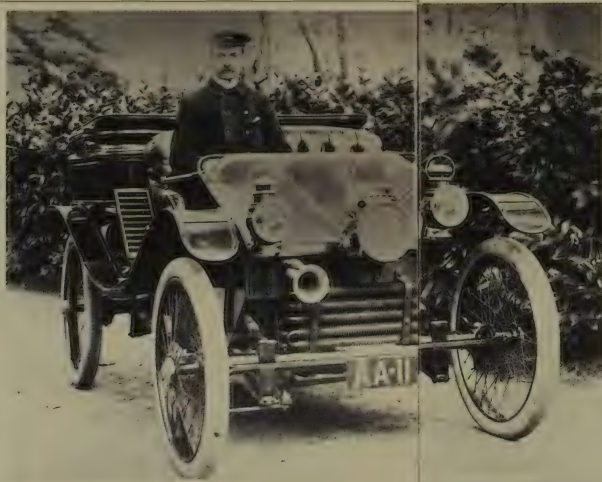
The 1920s saw the appearance of a sort of midway car with two-cylinder engines but normal gearbox and back axle, followed by the big cars-in-miniature, led by the Austin Seven, of 1923, which had four-wheel brakes and an electric starter. This tiny Austin proved the popularity of the baby-car. The 747cc machine saved the Austin Motor Co of Birmingham, and was followed by such miniature motors as the Triumph Super Seven, boasting a three-bearing crankshaft and hydraulic brakes, which Triumph had introduced to this country after Chrysler had standardized them in America.

At the opposite extreme there were the great luxury motor-carriages aimed at wealthy motorists. The wartime aeroplane engines had their influence here, the fine French

37.2hp Hispano-Suiza of 1919 using an advanced overhead-camshaft power unit. The aero engine system was used by Napier, pioneers long before the war of the practical six-cylinder engine, for their new 40/50hp chassis, and also by Straker-Squire, the Leyland Eight, and the sports 3 litre Bentley. For Rolls-Royce the now antiquated side-by-side valve engine staved off opposition, until after 1925 when the revised Phantom cars were announced, with push-rod, overhead-valve engines of a kind Henry Royce had decided on for his smaller Rolls-Royce Twenty of 1923. In the top-car field Daimler played a trump card with its 1927 "Double-Six", 12 cylinder car, Rolls-Royce waiting until the mid 1930s before turning to such multi-cylinderism for its Phantom III. In America, Cadillac and Marmon offered V16 cylinder cars.

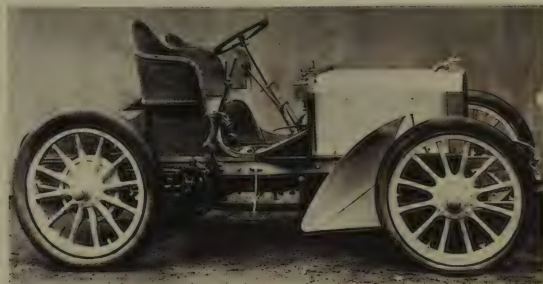
As the popularity of private car ownership rapidly expanded, with the increase in closed bodywork aiding the trend towards all-the-year-round driving, inexpensive cars in the 9hp and 10hp classes fought for sales, the onus being on catering for the owner-driver. Car maintenance was made easier by the advent of chromium plating, cellulose finishes and wheel discs, and for a time the fabric body was quite a vogue, led by the Weymann type. Gear changing had been the stumbling block for many aspiring drivers and was overcome by simple friction-drive on the GWK, by Armstrong Siddeley's pre-selective Wilson epicyclic gearbox in conjunction with Daimler's fluid flywheel, and then by constant-mesh top and third gear. Eventually, universal use of synchro-mesh made gear-changing easy and silent. Fully automatic transmission was born in the USA, its appearance on an Oldsmobile in 1940 marking another epoch.

With increasing road congestion, safety took on new importance. ►►



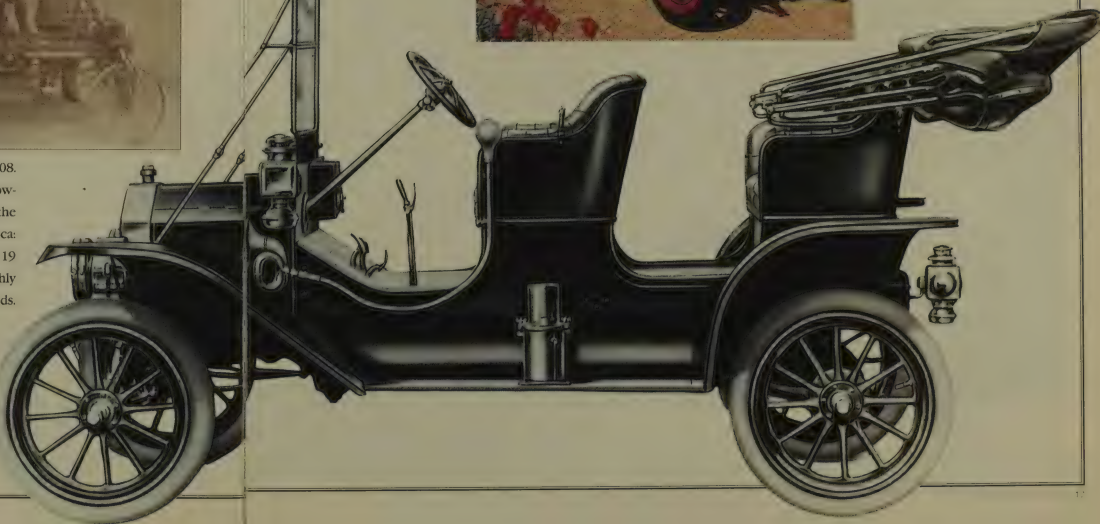
Right, the Ford T of 1908. Sturdy, easy to drive and low-priced, it brought the car to the masses in North America: 15 million were made in 19 years, thanks to highly improved production methods.

Above, a 1903 Lanchester. Left, one of Charles Knight's inventions.



The first Mercedes racing car of 1901, above.

Left, a 1909 Rolls-Royce, modelled on the 1906 Silver Ghost prototype which had set the highest standards of excellence.



The adventurous motor car, pushing back the frontiers of endurance and speed.



Racing on the open road was exciting but dangerous; this Mors, above, won the 1903 Paris to Madrid race, during which 10 people were killed.



Competitors, left, in the 1908 New York to Paris race slowed to 1 mph in the snow. An expedition to drive straight across Africa employed local labour, below.



For sportsmen the thrill of speed records was paramount. *The Graphic* of October, 1908 showed Resta in a Mercedes, above, achieving 103.615 mph at the Brooklands circuit.



John Cobb in his Railton prepares for his attempt in 1947 on the world land-speed record.

Cars improve and multiply, fuelled by post-war enthusiasm.

1919-1939

⇒ Measures in this direction included rear-placed petrol tanks, safety-glass, electrically controlled turn indicators, and four-wheel brakes. Breaking on all four wheels had been known before the First World War, having appeared on the Italian Isotta-Fraschini and for a time on the Scottish Argyll and Arrol-Johnston. After about 1924 such brakes were almost universal, applied on the bigger cars through servo mechanisms, on the Hispano and Rolls-Royce driven by the gearbox.

As petrol improved, engines developed more power, so smaller cylinders came into being, but the post First World War British system of taxation encouraged long piston-strokes. The battle for smoother burning of the gases in the combustion chambers and the elimination of "pinking" as cars slogged up hills became a science indulged in by Ricardo and Weslake. For a while power outputs were sometimes boosted by super-charging, which Mercedes developed in the 1920s, based on aero-engine experience during the war years, and which became universal for road-racing Grand Prix cars. It was possible to buy bolt-on supercharger sets, even for cars as docile as, for example, the 7hp flat-twin Jowett. The trend is with us again, in the form of exhaust-driven turbochargers.

The flexible chassis-frames of the vintage era did not seriously distort open touring bodies, but with saloons this became serious. Boxed-in side-members and cross-bracing was a partial cure but stiffer structures were needed when independent springing of the car's front wheels, and sometimes of the back wheels as well, was contemplated. Such suspension made for a better ride, important at a time when more and more British families were touring the rough Continental roads. In America, Budd had come up with the

one-piece, all-steel body, adopted in Britain by Morris and in France by Citroën. That paved the way to unitary construction and sounded the death-knell of the coachbuilt body on a separate chassis frame. The practice of having a craftsman-made body, by Barker, Hooper, or Mulliner's, on Rolls-Royce and similar chassis went for ever after the First World War when even Rolls-Royce and Bentley listed their own pressed steel saloon bodies.

Front-wheel drive was tried by Avia and IFA, but it was Citroën who made it acceptable, with their famous unitary-construction *traction avant* saloon of 1934. Adler and DKW in Germany followed suit, but the Hitler régime brought the rear-engined, rear-drive Volkswagen that was to outsell the Model-T by several millions. Hitler was responsible, too, for the fastest road-racing cars seen up to that time; the sponsored Auto-Union and Mercedes-Benz Grand Prix racers being of such sophisticated construction that they packed engines of up to 600hp into chassis complying with the 750 kilogram weight limit. Only in recent times have turbo-charged 1-litre Formula 1 racing cars outpaced these fabulous pre-war concepts.

After the Second World War design tended to settle into a rut until, in 1959, Sir Alec Issigonis produced a car as advanced as that Mercedes of 1901. In his Mini Minor he set the engine across the frame, to save space within the small body, this transverse power-unit driving the front wheels. Had it been expedient to patent this breakthrough, Sir Alec would now be one of the world's richest men! His other innovations included 10 inch diameter Dunlop tyres and pneumatic suspension. Disc brakes introduced at Le Mans by Jaguar helped make that company Britain's greatest post-war success in the prestige car market. Road holding of most cars im-



Above, reinflating a car's fuel "container", 1917; gas is conveyed to the balloon and thence to the engine.



proved after the Second World War, due to steel-braced tyres, led by Michelin's "X" cover, a far better understanding of springing systems, and the general use worldwide of the front-wheel-drive transverse engine layout introduced in the 1959 BMC Mini. Tyres, indeed, are now taken as much for granted as the car itself. The next safety-first breakthrough is likely to be four-wheel drive, allied to anti-lock brakes, already featured by Audi and

Below, the popular Austin 7 of 1923, which led the way for cheaper small cars in Britain.



Above, the Cadillac V16 of 1932. Despite the Depression in America, demands and hence improvements in the prestige market were great. The V16 is a classic example of attempts to develop large capacity engines to give more silent running.



Above, a 37.2hp Hispano-Suiza of 1919. Wartime aircraft engines influenced the designs of this Franco-Spanish company's luxury cars, and of Bentley, a British newcomer in 1919. Below is the 1922 3 litre model.

Right, an MG rally: the two-seater MG sports car, whose popularity spanned the war, became an endangered species when production finally stopped in 1981. Below, clockwise: the E-Type Jaguar, brought out in 1961; BMW's M635 of 1984; the Ford Escort RS Turbo of 1985; the Bentley Turbo R introduced in May, 1985 has firmer springs and fatter tyres than its predecessors.



Alec Issigonis's Austin Mini of 1959, above, introduced the transverse engine with front-wheel drive, and is still in production. Below, the Audi Quattro of 1980 heralded a series of cars with four-wheel drive. Bottom, the Mercedes 300 SL, which arrived in 1954, used a direct fuel injection system for the first time.

Landmarks in modern design bring comfort, safety and performance.

1946-1984



Automatic locking differential (ASD) and acceleration skid control (ASR) prevent the rear wheels of this big Mercedes-Benz S-Class saloon from spinning and thus from losing lateral grip. So it corners confidently on icy surfaces.

Driving a heavy, powerful car safely at speed on low-grip surfaces needs a higher level of skill than most drivers possess. Harnessed properly, electronics can help a driver of moderate ability handle a car in ice and snow as capably as a veteran.

They are at the heart of three new traction improving systems just made public by Daimler-Benz. One system locks the differential gears on a rear-drive car whenever the wheels are turning significantly faster than the front ones. A second system, acceleration skid control, reduces the power to the driving wheels until their grip matches the engine's output. And 4-MATIC goes further still. When the rear wheels slip, front-wheel drive is switched in. If there is still some tyre slip, a central differential in the drive line is locked, ensuring that the driven wheels front and back are

turning at the same speed. If the tyres are still failing to find enough grip, the rear differential is locked. Dr Rudolf Hörnig, member of Daimler-Benz Board of Management responsible for research and development, sums up the situation thus: "Accident analysis shows that the driver is not yet able to master fully all the functions he is required to perform in daily traffic. Over 90 per cent of accidents are caused by human error." That is why Daimler-Benz (and most of its competitors, no doubt) are intensifying the development of new technologies.

The 1986 car, in comparison with those of as little as 20 years ago, is a miracle of performance, economy, safety and even value for money. It can only improve as electronics lessen the driver's responsibilities and carry them out rather more efficiently.

STUART MARSHALL



A century ago there was only one car in the world



For some people there still is

On the 29th of January 1886 Karl Benz set free the horse and changed the course of history.

Since then the development of the Daimler-Benz company and its products has been punctuated with outstanding engineering achievements: the incredible SSK, the stunning 540K, the irrepressible silver competition cars with 4400 victories to their credit. Daimler-Benz developed fuel injection, the passenger safety cell, the rear swing axle and the first diesel production car.

To the engineers in Stuttgart though, history is but experience and the future holds infinitely more excitement than the past. For them, the present is already history as they design with computers and clay the cars that will set 21st century standards of engineering by which all other cars will be judged.

The next century of Mercedes-Benz will acknowledge its debt to Gottlieb Daimler and Karl Benz, at the same time recognising the enormous responsibility that goes with leading the automotive world in the technology of safety, comfort, economy and social responsibility.



Mercedes-Benz

Engineered like no other car in the world

ENGINE OF SOCIAL CHANGE

Horseless carriage, toy for the rich, now an essential part of life. Julian Pettifer charts the rise of the car.

T

he car has become such a familiar part of our lives and of our landscape it is easy to forget that there are those still living today who were born before the ubiquitous machine, and whose memories go back to a world untouched by the car when the roads were

still the sole domain of the horse.

These centennarians have witnessed greater social change than any generation that preceded them and much of that change has been wrought by the car.

There is hardly any activity known to man, be it commercial, social or cultural, that has not been profoundly changed by the horseless carriage. At the turn of the century one wise man predicted of the car: "It will alter our daily relations to time . . . and what alters our lives alters our thoughts . . . within a few years every one of you will be the boastful owner of a metal demon . . . the quiet of the world is ending for ever."

When they first appeared on the roads they were regarded by many as a joke, another passing fad of the rich that would never replace the horse. The debate over the car was at first seen as "car versus horse" and races were organized to demonstrate the superiority of one over the other. To the horse-lover the motor vehicle was a gross, unwelcome intruder, as this ode makes clear.

Avaunt! thou horridlest of modern things!

Vamoose! unto thy ugly self take wings!

Think not with all thy gaud and glitter coarse

Thou'll e'er supplant that best of friends, the horse.

Woman's Home Companion, 1900

To the car enthusiast the horse

was a stupid, inefficient animal that steadfastly refused to get used to the car and should therefore be banished from the roads. What started as good-humoured sparring between the horse and the horseless lobbies very quickly became a bitter struggle carried out on the roads, in the courts and in Parliament. In just 10 years, between 1895 and 1905, the car was transformed from a staid little egg-beater, phut-phutting along at little more than trotting pace, into a snarling monster that struck terror into all other road users, particularly the horse. Inevitably much blood was shed, and since motoring regulations in many parts of the world were non-existent, victims of the car sometimes took the law into their own hands. In one celebrated incident, a member of the wealthy Vanderbilt family was attacked by Italian peasants after his car had knocked down and injured a child. As Mr Vanderbilt proudly related, "It has been the wish of the bystanders to lynch me", a wish that has been cherished by many other bystanders in the first century of motoring mayhem.

In Britain the first major legal battle was won—or lost—in 1896 when the motorist was released from the thralldom of the man with the red flag and the speed limit of 10mph. That was just the beginning of the acrimonious argument about speed that still continues.

Car pollution has been a further cause of resentment; at first because of noise and dust thrown up from the unmetalled roads. As C. F. G. Masterman put it in *The Condition of England 1909*: "Wandering machines, travelling with an incredible rate of speed, scramble and smash and shriek along all the rural ways . . . you can see evidence of their activity in the dust-laden hedges [and] . . . in the ruined cottage gardens of the South country villages."



The driver of this 1896 Peugeot, left, was soon able to gather speed: motorists were released from the yoke of the man with the flag later that year. Below right, the British Government presented the Amir of Afghanistan with a car in 1905, but new technology had to rely on the old: the vehicle was pulled by bullocks to Kabul. By 1919 the problem was one that has still not always been satisfactorily resolved. Below left, an American design for a "sky-scraper" car park to resolve the problem of congested streets.



⇒ How was this controversial, dangerous, noisy, dirty and smelly machine able to triumph over its shortcomings? The answer lies not in the virtues of the car but in the disadvantages of the horse, particularly in the cities. Cars can certainly blight the urban landscape but they cannot begin to approach the polluting potential of the horse—dung. Anyone familiar with London will know that behind all the grander residential streets are the mews, smaller, meaner streets that provided accommodation for horses, coaches, coachmen and grooms. In many of these mews perhaps 50 or 60 horses would have been stabled and each of these animals produced, each day, about 45 lb of dung. By the turn of the century English towns and cities had to dispose of 10 million tons of horse manure every year.

This never-ending battle with the dung-heap was a nightmare for public-health officials; flies became so bad that those residents who could afford it abandoned the cities in the summer months. In wet weather the streets ran with liquid manure, and to add to the unpleasantness many of the poor horses, overworked and ill-treated, simply dropped dead in the streets. A description of New York's Broadway tells of a street made impassable by "dead horses" and vehicular entanglements.

The bitter hostility to the car did not last long. Once it was within reach of a wider public, its convenience proved irresistible. Levels of ownership soared. In the United States, by 1930, one passenger car was registered for every 1.3 households, a figure that was not reached in Britain for 40 years. Nevertheless, many of the social consequences of car ownership in the United States were reached in Britain by other means. Country bus services and rural deliveries helped to improve life in isolated villages. Mobile libraries

and clinics, school buses and charabancs brought educational opportunities, health care and leisure travel to those who could not yet afford their own vehicle.

The great wave of popular enthusiasm for the car and for motor travel in general was celebrated in an extraordinary cultural outpouring as artists and writers, musicians and film-makers set about exploring this new relationship between man and his "transport of delight". Nothing expresses this euphoria better than the 600 or so songs Tin Pan Alley devoted to the motoring obsession. Although the passing of the horse is lamented in such ditties as "I Love My Horse and Wagon but Oh! You Buick Car", the majority of songs praised the new device.

It was in 1905 that the car song really caught hold of the public imagination. "My Merry Oldsmobile"—music by Gus Edwards and words by Vincent Bryan—became a best seller, since when the number of car-related hits has been never-ending. It seems almost as if rock and roll and cruising were born for each other. From Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, Jan and Dean and the Beach Boys through to Bruce Springsteen, every nuance of our complex relationship with the car has been explored in song.

Even more important has been the link between the car and the cinema. The motion picture camera and the internal combustion engine were developed simultaneously and the industries they created in Hollywood and Detroit were born and grew up side by side. Both industries quickly discovered a use for each other's products: The car supplied film-makers with the perfect subject for comedy, romance and adventure and the movies helped build popular interest in the car itself. Probably the first true car film was Biograph's *Runaway Match* (1903). It is impossible to know how far the



The motor car soon caught the imagination of song writers, even if William Dillon did prefer his girl to his automobile. The mass production of low-cost cars brought travel within reach of most people, like this couple, right, at Cowes on the Isle of Wight.



THE CAR AND ART

Far left top, Dustin Shiller's *Death of an Era* in California. Bottom, an illustration of the horse/car conflict, and left, the careless motorist/angry pedestrian conflict. Right, a multi-storey memorial to man's obsession with the car, at Jouy-en-Josas in northern France.



⇒ advent of the car contributed to changes in sexual morality but it often provided the other answer to the question "your place or mine?".

Perhaps the most extravagant claims were made in 1916 by James Rood Doolittle in his book *The Romance of the Automobile Industry*. Apparently with a perfectly straight face, he described the car as "the most important influence on civilization of all time" and its story "more romantic than Romeo and Juliet . . . the car has accomplished vaster works for mankind betterment than anything that has gone before."

The democratization of the private car since the Second World War has been a very mixed blessing; not only has it packed our highways with traffic and all the consequent noise, pollution and danger to life, its proliferation at the expense of public transport has discriminated against the minority of non car owners.

The rapid rise in car population was neither anticipated nor planned for by governments of any hue. The Ministry of Transport consistently and by large margins underestimated the increase in numbers. In 1954 it planned for a 75 per cent increase in traffic over the next 20 years but that figure was reached in only eight years. While most Britons now thought of the car as a necessity, civil servants still treated it as a minority luxury and ordered their priorities accordingly. As late as the 1960s the official view in the new towns was that only one garage space would be needed for every four houses. Consequently instead of a coherent traffic policy, what the nation got was a series of stop-gap measures based on the assumption that in time people's frustration with congestion and delays would control the demand for cars. What the men from the Ministry had failed to understand was that once personal transport is experienced, it is not readily relin-

quished. Before the OPEC oil crisis, market surveys suggested that if petrol went up to £1 a gallon many would abandon their cars. So much for surveys!

Not all public servants were so short-sighted. Colin Buchanan, a planner at the Ministry of Housing, made a penetrating analysis of the impact of the motor vehicle. Above all, he recognized the growing and seemingly insuperable problem of traffic in towns: unless we are prepared to adopt the American solution and knock down our ancient cities to build six-lane highways and sprawling car parks, our city centres will never be able to cope. As the 1963 *Buchanan Report on Traffic in Towns* put it: "It is an extraordinary problem because nothing less is involved than a threat to the whole familiar physical form of towns." Some would say that for some cities—like Birmingham—it is already too late; that their "familiar physical form" has already been wholly violated by car-related damage and that all we can do is raze them to the ground and start again.

The future of the car will present governments with complex choices and individuals with difficult decisions. Most countries have been swept along by the popular demand for car-centred transport systems, but there are some signs that this is changing. Although few communities have so far been able to summon the political will to take the most drastic measures, it seems certain that the freedom of the motorist will be more and more restricted in years to come, particularly in urban areas. But even those who confidently expect to see the private car totally banished from cities concede that it will continue to have a role in rural areas. With all this in mind, and with the legislators once again licking their pencils, who can doubt that after the first 100 years the golden age of motoring is already past? ○



The motor car was a boon to courting couples. Crombie, left, solved the problem of what to do with the best friend in *The Prize Gooseberry*.

Below, cars, romance and the movies: Cary Grant and Grace Kelly in the glamorous setting of the French Riviera in *To Catch a Thief*.



The car and Hollywood grew up side by side. Clockwise from centre far left: the Keystone Cops, originators of the chaotic car chase which was advanced by leaps and bounds in *Used Cars*. Crime and the car: violence in *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Two for the Road*, Albert Finney and Audrey Hepburn star with an MG; and perhaps the best loved of all British car films, *Genevieve*.



CRAZY CARS

The ultimate in ego trips: the customized motor car

Top, an early example of motor mania, this 1911 Brooke was shipped out to India. Right, gaudy bonnets, garish boots and designed interiors. Below, entertain your friends (all 50 of them) in this 18 metre "American Dream" Cadillac. Land on the helipad roof, sit under crystal chandeliers, sip champagne in the swimming pool and have a meal from the microwave oven.



MOTORING INTO THE FUTURE

Stuart Marshall looks at the prospect for 2086, when the second centenary of the motor car will be celebrated.

To forecast what might happen by the car's next centenary one must first look back, because future trends are always related to past experience. Early motor cars were well named as horseless carriages because that is exactly what they were—wagonettes with the horse's shafts taken away and an internal combustion engine bolted on underneath. The back wheels were driven, the front ones steered. Within a decade the great majority of cars in which the affluent undertook short journeys on unmetalled roads conformed to a pattern which is still familiar today. They had engines at the front, set longitudinally, a clutch and gearbox behind it and a shaft conveying the power to the rear wheels.

That is how they remained from the early years of King Edward VII's reign until the Queen was crowned in 1953. This layout is still favoured today by most producers of large cars.

Front-wheel drive, by compressing the engine (especially when installed sideways), gearbox and final drive into one compact unit, saves valuable space. It has become standard practice in small to medium cars. A rear-mounted engine has similar space-saving benefits but whereas a front-engined car is inherently stable, a rear-engined one is not. In an emergency the driver of the latter will find the tail wagging the dog. It is an unhappy situation. For safety reasons alone, the rear-engined car is fast disappearing.

The battery-electric car has many advocates. It will become a practical alternative to the internal combustion-engined car only when its lead/acid accumulator is superseded by a battery storing four times

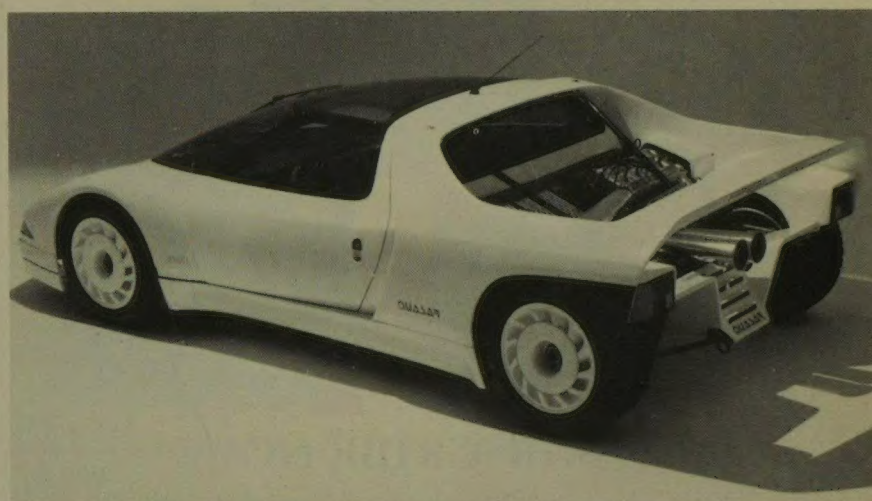
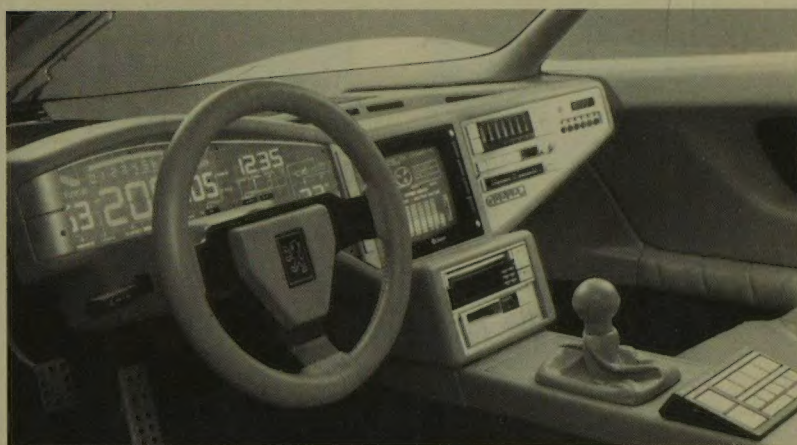
as much energy as present types at the same cost and weight.

Past experience suggests no viable alternative to the internal combustion engine for cars of the future. It becomes lighter, more efficient, quieter running, environmentally cleaner and longer lasting every year. In the 1940s an overhaul life of 15,000 miles was acceptable for a family car engine. This has now become the interval between routine oil changes. The day of the sealed-for-life internal combustion engine is fast approaching.

The engine of the future will not necessarily burn petrol. Although recent fears that the world would soon run out of oil have been wildly exaggerated, price alone dictates economical use of liquid fossil fuels. As road hauliers discovered half a century ago, the compression ignition (diesel) engine is much more fuel-efficient than a spark ignition engine. Diesel cars have 20 per cent of sales in some markets, though still less than 5 per cent here. Their popularity must increase.

Spark ignition engines do not have to run on petroleum spirit; they will operate efficiently on pure alcohol. This may be produced from fast-growing plants of all kinds and from sugar cane in particular, as the Brazilians have proved. Diesels, too, can run on vegetable-based oils. In the long term hydrogen derived from water is an attractive alternative fuel. The gas, produced by electrolysis from water, is liquefied and stored under pressure. There are problems to be overcome, but the potential is great and the raw material source unlimited.

Looking ahead no further than the end of this century, it seems that the car will not be radically different from today's models, some of which will still be rolling off the assembly tracks. It will have four wheels and pneumatic tyres, though these will not necessarily be made from ➤➤



Top, could this small car, based on Mini mechanical parts, be the forerunner of the battery-electric town runabout? Centre, two views of the Peugeot Group's Quasar, a high-performance car for the late 1990s with full electronic

instruments and information display. Bottom, BL Technology's 1983 ECV-3 might be typical of saloon cars of the year 2000. A three-cylinder engine returns more than 80mpg at moderate speeds for this lightweight, roomy car.

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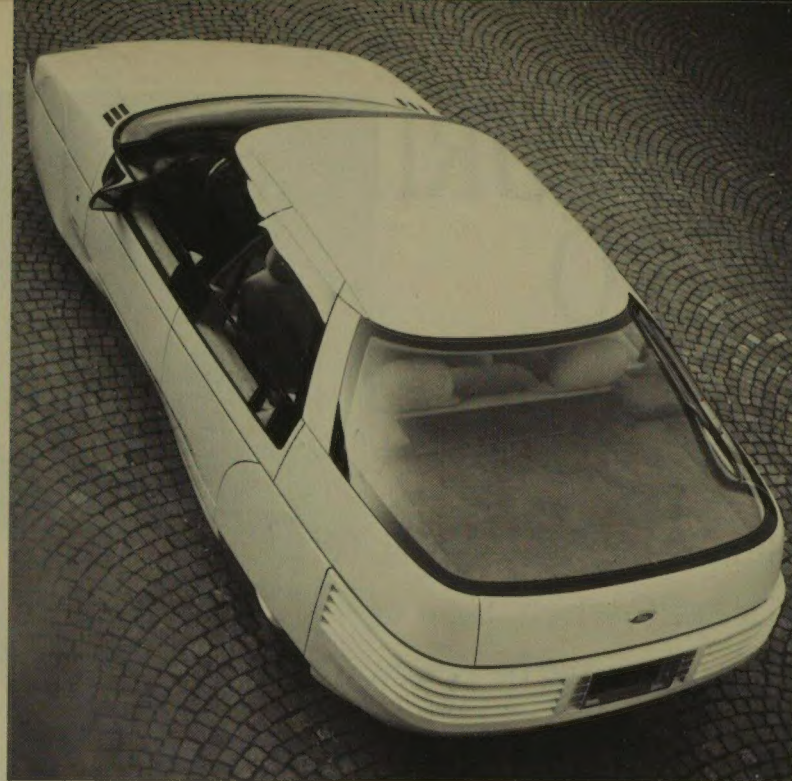
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MCS 4/86



» rubber and there may be two tyres to each wheel. By the year 2000 the spare wheel will have gone the way of the starting handle.

Automatic transmission will steadily replace the manual gearbox on medium to large cars—it already has in the USA—and new kinds of automatic will offer small-car owners better performance, easier driving and lower fuel consumption than the best five-speed gearboxes that exist.

Electronics, now used mainly in a monitoring role, will have taken over many of the driver's functions by the year 2000. They will certainly control the transmission, matching the best combination of engine output and overall gearing to the driver's speed requirement. For the business motorist at any rate, route-finding by map will be obsolete. Signals from space satellites will be processed by the car's computer into audio-visual instructions.

None of this is far-fetched. The technology is available now and has been demonstrated in concept cars, mainly by the Japanese. Anti-collision radar, identifying traffic conditions that could lead to multiple motorway crashes, will take some of the danger out of fog driving.

Four-wheel drive will have spread rapidly among more powerful cars, making them safer and easier to handle on wet roads. Anti-lock brakes, allowing full steering control during emergency braking on a bend, will be standard on all but the cheapest cars by the year 2000. So will active suspension, which keeps the car's body (and its occupants) at a constant attitude despite variations in load and regardless of cornering stresses.

The car of the early 21st century will be sleeker and more aerodynamic than it is today, less aggressive to pedestrians, much quieter, and easier to repair if damaged. It will have many more plastic components,

The enclosed wheels of Ford of Europe's Probe IV reduce aerodynamic drag and could be widely featured on cars in 15 years' time.

including large body panels.

So much for the fairly near future. Predicting what the car of 50, let alone 100 years hence, will be like is far more difficult. After the year 2010 the crystal ball clouds over. Who knows what kind of materials and technology will be available to car makers then? Who could possibly have foreseen the influence of the computer on every aspect of our personal and business lives only 25 years ago? It is far from certain that we will want to travel so much by car in the next century.

Now the car is an essential means of transport for most people, a piece of business equipment for commerce and industry. Electronic communications are removing the need for much business travel. Perhaps the car of the future will revert to the role it enjoyed up to the middle of this century—a machine used for recreation and pleasure.

The motorist of 2086 may have a small runabout, which could well be electrically powered, for short-range domestic use—taking children to school and so on—and a larger car for enriching the far larger part of life that will be occupied by leisure. It will possibly be a "one box" design, with no separate engine compartment or boot, because that gives the best space utilization. All the driver will have to do is steer it; and even that may be unnecessary on motorways, which will have built-in guidance systems installed. It will yield fuel economy now undreamed of—the 100mpg family car will have arrived in his or her grandparents' lifetime ○

SUPPLEMENT TO
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MERCEDES THEN AND NOW

In the background, replica of the 1886 Benz car.
In the foreground, the 1986 Mercedes 230 16-valve sports saloon.